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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE success of the Allied Conference, which came to an end last Saturday, is the most important event which has happened since the signing of the Armistice. As has been justly said, the arrangement come to was the first really negotiated arrangement since the War. Every other scheme in connexion with Germany has had a greater or lesser element of compulsion, but in London the German delegates were present as free negotiators, and we cannot be too thankful that they took the course of common sense—the only course which is likely to restore their own country as well as helping all the rest of Europe. Mr. MacDonald is to be heartily congratulated on having achieved something which evaded his predecessors. Although Europe is now heading for success on a safe and true course, and will, we believe, make a happy landfall, there are, of course, several difficulties still in the way.

* * * *

First and foremost among these difficulties we must mention the determination of France to keep troops in the Ruhr for another year if she should so please. As we have frequently said, the acceptance of the Dawes scheme obviously implies immediate withdrawal. Why, then, do the French not withdraw at once? Apart from the contingent reasons that M. Herriot dare not give too bold a lead to the querulous and hesitating wing of his supporters, and that the French mind cannot release itself from the conviction that material pressure is desirable while negotiations for commercial arrangements between France and Germany are still going on, the decisive reason is probably a much bolder one. We have stated it in our leading article on the Conference.

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It was unfortunate that Mr. MacDonald felt that discretion required him to consent to M. Herriot's proposal that the question of evacuation should not be mentioned at the Conference. Thus there is the undoubted paradox that the French may remain in the occupied district for another year, although everybody except the French and Belgians felt that they ought to go, and although the matter was in everybody's mind from the beginning to the end of the Conference yet was never mentioned. The consolation is that a very great deal has been gained, though by no means everything, and we are chary of criticizing Mr. MacDonald for a concession that may have been quite necessary. His mere tactical skill was remarkable. We learn, however, that he has by no means come out of the affair unscathed by criticism from his colleagues. We take it that the letter which he sent to M. Herriot after the Conference, and which was published in the papers of Tuesday, was written in satisfaction of the claim by some of those colleagues that more should be said about the continued occupation.

* * * *

In that letter Mr. MacDonald stated that he thought it necessary to reiterate that the British Government had never recognized the legality of the occupation of the Ruhr, and though the Conference had agreed to the time limit of a year, the British Government "urged most strongly that the Governments concerned should take every possible step to hasten the evacuation, as, in the opinion of the British Government, the continued occupation may prejudice the working of the Dawes plan." This letter has not been particularly well received in Paris, where it is regarded as a fussy insistence upon what was already sufficiently well known. We are now told that the chief of Mr. MacDonald's critics was Mr. Snowden. According to "A. P. N.," the well-informed political correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*, there has been "a great deal of strain" between the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This, indeed, may be deduced plainly enough from an interview with Mr. Snowden which was published in the *Manchester Guardian* of Tuesday.

* * * *

Mr. Snowden said in the interview that he disagreed with the Conference with regard to two decisions in particular. He could not accept as satisfactory the arrangement by which, if Germany were unable to ensure from her industrialists the deliveries ordered by the Arbitral Commission, her failure would be regarded as

wilful default, and would expose her to sanctions just as though there were a wilful default under the Treaty or the Dawes scheme. Secondly, he was profoundly dissatisfied with the intention of the French and Belgian Governments to continue the occupation of the Ruhr. "I have never heard one reason or argument put forward to explain the continued occupation for a day after the Dawes plan is put into effect. It is wholly inconsistent with that plan." We must add here that the Dortmund-Hörde zone, which was occupied by the French, is being evacuated at once in accordance with the promise given by the French at the Conference. Apart from the embarrassment of the continued Ruhr occupation, which, of course, exposes us to the possibility of bad feeling and consequent riots such as might jeopardize the Dawes scheme, there are other matters to be settled. The Conference naturally touched neither the question of the further disarmament of Germany nor that of inter-Allied debts. However, so far as it goes, the balance sheet works out handsomely on the profit side. Something which at one time seemed impossible has actually been accomplished, and that with good will on all sides.

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It is not only as regards Germany that Mr. Snowden has been differing from the Prime Minister. "A. P. N." tells us that during the Conference with the Soviet Delegation, Mr. Snowden, with the Treasury at his back, strongly opposed the Russian Loan. The amount of the proposed loan is believed to be £30,000,000. It is suggested that Mr. Snowden looks forward to introducing another Free Trade Budget next year which he would regard as Labour's chief asset for the next General Election. The Budget which he has in mind, however, is menaced by the Russian Loan, and perhaps also by the Allied agreement with Germany. "A. P. N." thinks that as the next Budget approaches the glamour of the Government's foreign policy will have become dim, and that a generous and popular Budget will be essential in the Government's interests. But will such a thing be possible, he asks, if there is a heavy drain from foreign loans, one of which at least—the Russian—is already disliked by the country? He predicts that these dawning troubles may soon create a controversial issue in the Labour ranks, the issue being between an early or a delayed General Election.

* * * *

The Egyptian Council of Ministers issued last Sunday a communiqué on the outbreaks in the Sudan which we recorded last week. The Council demanded that the Governor-General of the Sudan should publish a full report of the outbreaks, their causes, and the measures taken to suppress them, and that he should keep the Egyptian Government informed of the result of those measures. They also decided to send a formal protest to the British Government against the proceedings in the Sudan, and to insist upon the appointment of an Egyptian-Sudanese Commission to examine the situation. For the rest, the communiqué gave the wholly false impression that at Atbara the mutineers were fired upon by British troops. All the evidence, of course, showed that the firing was done by the Sudanese Mounted Rifles apparently without orders. Naturally such a communiqué inflamed Egyptian feeling, as it was no doubt intended to do.

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When an official of the Egyptian Legation in London visited the Foreign Office to present the Egyptian protest, he was informed "in the most explicit manner" that the British Government regarded themselves as responsible for the maintenance of order in the Sudan, that they intended to support the Sudan Government in its action for the preservation of public security, and that they approved of the protest made by the Acting High Commissioner in Egypt against the falsity of the Alexandrian communiqué. The Egyptian representative was further informed that the Government looked upon the disturbances in the Sudan as the direct result of the exaggerated claims made by the Egyptian Government, and of the attacks on the British Administration in the Sudan which had been so common in the Egyptian Parliament and Press. The British Government finally could not refrain from expressing their surprise that Egyptians "in responsible positions" should lend themselves to "deliberate misrepresentation." The official report of this interview ends laconically: "The Egyptian official then withdrew."

* * * *

The action of the Government in causing the abandonment last week of the prosecution of Mr. J. R. Campbell, the Editor of the *Workers' Weekly*, was almost incredibly stupid. On July 25th the *Workers' Weekly* published an appeal to soldiers urging them to turn their weapons on their "oppressors," on "the exploiters and capitalists." The Secretary for War, Mr. Stephen Walsh, referred the matter to the Director of Public Prosecutions on the very proper ground that the appeal was an incitement to mutiny. The Director of Public Prosecutions, having taken the opinion of the Attorney-General, Sir Patrick Hastings, decided to prosecute. Accordingly Mr. Campbell was arrested and came before the Police Court on Wednesday, August 6th. But on Wednesday, August 13th, the case was suddenly withdrawn by the Treasury counsel, who expressed the belief that it was not the intention of the *Workers' Weekly* to "try to seduce men in the Army from their allegiance." Mr. Campbell was discharged amidst general Communist rejoicings. The odd thing was that Mr. Campbell entirely disavowed the defence which was made for him by the Treasury counsel!

* * * *

The explanation of this strange incident issued by the organization of the Communists is that the Government "surrendered" under severe pressure from several well-known Labour Members of Parliament. It is also suggested that Cabinet Ministers were afraid of being brought into court as witnesses and having some of their own pronouncements during the War quoted against them. We can hardly believe that Cabinet Ministers are much afraid of that sort of thing, as the worst as well as the best that can be said about them is well known already. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's notorious revolutionary speech of 1917, urging workers and soldiers to form soviets, is read carefully, it will be seen that he introduced careful qualifications and that he did not actually preach revolutionary violence. It is clear, however, that the whole matter of the prosecution was bungled. It is an obvious humiliation for the Public Prosecutor to bring a case into court and then to ask for the acquittal of the defendant for reasons which the defendant himself openly derides! If there was any possibility that the prosecution would be withdrawn, it should never have been undertaken.

* * * *

With every inclination to believe in the theory of the safety valve, we cannot see why the prosecution was dropped. The attempt to turn the Army or the Navy into a political agency, inspired by class-consciousness and false to that allegiance to the King and the nation as a whole to which it is sworn, is a particularly odious act. We should say exactly the same thing from whatever political party the incitement came. As it is, the Government are exposed to the charge, which they cannot meet with any reasonable defence, that they have winked

at a flagrant case of incitement in order to save their party. They were not afraid of risking their own dignity so much as risking the precarious solidarity of Labour. But having once done this they will find their future steps dogged by all kinds of fiends. Suppose that some British Fascisti say that the time has come to save this country from its internal enemies by a little purifying violence. With what kind of face will the Government be able to meet such a situation?

* * * *

On Thursday, August 14th, a strike of the porters in Covent Garden Market was unexpectedly declared. For some time the men had been demanding a guaranteed minimum wage of £4 5s. a week all the year round, as well as overtime rates for work after 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and a minimum of 10s. for any casual work. The porters joined the Transport and General Workers' Union last March, and it was this Union which conducted the discussions with the employers. Apparently the men struck without any authority from their Union, but no sooner had the strike been declared than the Union took responsibility for it. It is said that the porters can earn as much as £8 and £9 a week in the summer, and that the high cost of porterage has caused constant complaints by both wholesalers and retailers. No doubt, however, there is a considerable difference between the winter and summer wages, and the employers, recognizing this, offered a minimum standing wage of not less than £3 10s. a week, to be increased by 10s. from June 1st to September 30th. The employers have refused the invitation of the Ministry of Labour to a conference, but when we go to press on Thursday there are hopes that something may come of Mr. Bevin's offer on behalf of the men to meet the employers.

* * * *

It is characteristic of the state of the wage market that the Covent Garden porters are already being paid considerably more than is earned by skilled engineers. There is a steady flow of skilled men from the engineering shops—or perhaps we should rather say of men who ought to be at work in the engineering shops—to America. Mr. Bevin, who has been very active in leading the porters' cause, always relies upon using public inconvenience as a means of pressure for ending a dispute. But in this case the amount of inconvenience must have disappointed him. Producers have to an appreciable extent (and no doubt the tendency will increase) been avoiding Covent Garden Market as a distributing centre altogether, and have been sending their goods direct to wholesalers, to local markets, and to the larger retailers. If it is shown that a middleman can successfully be cut out, that middleman is not likely to be restored. "The confused and unorganized anachronism," as Lord Linlithgow's Report called Covent Garden Market, will find that some of the trade now lost will never be regained.

* * * *

The result of the by-election at Carmarthen was declared on Friday, August 15th. The figures were:—

Sir Alfred Mond (L.)	12,760
Rev. E. T. Owen (Lab.)	8,351
Sir Alfred Stephens (C.)	7,896
Majority	4,409

At the General Election the result was:—

Sir Ellis Griffiths, K.C. (L.)	12,988
Sir A. Stephens (C.)	8,677
Mr. R. Williams (Lab.)	7,132
Majority	4,311

The election was the most cheering incident that has happened to the Liberal Party for some time. Although they expected to win the seat, they did not expect to do so by a large majority, much less to increase the majority. It will be noticed that the Conservative and Labour candidates have changed their respective positions at the polls.

* * * *

The Royal Fine Arts Commission have issued their Report on the proposed St. Paul's Bridge. They disapprove of the proposal because the bridge would not serve any adequate purpose in a better traffic scheme, and because architecturally it would be in a very unsatisfactory position in relation to St. Paul's Cathedral. But they point out that all such considerations are rendered comparatively irrelevant by the fact that a new bridge just there would be a very serious threat to the stability of the Cathedral. The piers of the Cathedral dome are known to be in a precarious condition, and the Commission declare that until the fabric is secured the taking of every unnecessary risk should be avoided. A St. Paul's Bridge would add "a fresh source of vibration at the eastern end." Even as it is, the Commission take such a grave view of the condition of St. Paul's, that they "earnestly beg" that immediate attention may be given to this aspect of the problem. "Further shaking of the Cathedral fabric," they say, "may lead to a catastrophe."

* * * *

We congratulate the Council of the National Trust on their twenty-ninth annual report. There have been nine new acquisitions to the Trust's great National Gallery of Natural Pictures. In October, 1923, the Trust got its biggest canvas up to now in the three thousand acres, including Kirk Fell, Great Gable, and Green Gable, presented by the Fell and Rock-Climbing Club of the English Lake District as a memorial to those of their members who died in the War. A better memorial to brave men than this glorious gift cannot be imagined. The Trust has also received a magnificent present from a member of the Buxton family, the late Mr. E. N. Buxton, in the shape of a piece of primaeval woodland known as "Hatfield Forest." It lies close to Bishop's Stortford. Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., has generously added the gift of the ancient house at Coggeshall, known as "Paycocke's House," a remarkable example of the richly ornamented home of a merchant at the end of the fifteenth century.

* * * *

Another notable new acquisition is that of the Farne Islands. In Norfolk thirty acres of woodland near West Runton, known as the "Roman Camp," have been acquired by the Trust. Further acquisitions this year are the ancient Norman castle at Rayleigh, and the waterfall known as Rhaiadr Du, near Dolgelly, in Merionethshire. As for hopes as yet uncompleted we may mention the remains, at Chedworth, of the best preserved Roman villa in England. A small amount is needed to complete this purchase. Nearly £1,000 has also still to be raised to save Cissbury Ring, near Worthing. It is to be greatly hoped that in both cases the answer to the appeals will not be too late in the day. We note with satisfaction that the Committee of the Trust is concerned with the débris with which Box Hill is littered after Bank Holidays and Sundays. The need for inculcating the duty of "bury or burn" in regard to paper and bottles, and, perhaps worst of all, tin cans, is still imperative.

* * * *

Bank Rate, 4 per cent., changed from 3 per cent. July 5th, 1923.

5 per cent. War Loan was on Thursday, 101⅛; Thursday week, 101 3/16; a year ago, 101 11/16.

3½ per cent. Conversion Loan was on Thursday, 78½; Thursday week, 77⅞; a year ago, 79 11/16.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

THE optimism with which we wrote as to the outcome of the London Conference has, we are glad to say, been justified. Though we have to admit that our predictions of the way in which things would go in the Conference were founded rather upon instinct than upon the premises disclosed, it is a proof that, though hopes may be dupes, quite as often fears are liars. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is to be warmly congratulated, not merely on his success, because that might have been due to good fortune, but upon the great skill and still more the excellent temper with which he conducted the negotiations. His danger was that in doing what he knew to be right, opportune, and reasonable he would give the impression—a wholly false one—that he had become the ally of Germany. He so managed matters, however, that he did not excite this feeling in anyone, not even in the reactionary part of the French Press. For him the real crux of the Conference was the military occupation of the Ruhr, and the demand of the French that it should not cease for another year. This was the crux, though it was excluded from the terms of reference to the Conference, and was dealt with outside. The tenacity, almost fierceness, in regard to this point of, we will not say M. Herriot, but of the people whom he fears, appeared as if it must mean a deadlock, and consequently a breakdown of the Conference with all its appalling consequences. Mr. MacDonald managed to surmount this obstacle without either forcing the Germans to consent to something which they held would ruin them with their own people, or again without upsetting M. Herriot, and finally, and best of all, without putting conditions before the bankers which would compel them to say that the loan of forty millions, upon which the fate of the Conference depended, could not be obtained.

By a scheme of immediate evacuation, in the case of certain towns, and by holding out possibilities of accelerated evacuation in the Ruhr such as are described in Mr. MacDonald's letter to M. Herriot, the Prime Minister was ultimately able to obtain a compromise which, without undermining the position of M. Herriot with the French Chamber and the French people, yet gave hope to Germany and confidence to the bankers. Even if complete military evacuation is not as quick as it might be, or as it ought to be, in the Ruhr, at any rate the political and industrial evacuation will be complete and immediate. This should be, and we believe will be, enough to enable Dr. Marx, who is to be congratulated upon the good sense and statesmanship which he displayed in London, to fulfil the difficult task of carrying the necessary legislation through the Reichstag. No doubt he will meet with a Nationalist and Militarist opposition which looks formidable, but which, owing to special circumstances, will be robbed of a good deal of its force. As the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* has pointed out, the Nationalists may like to protest against the results of the London Conference, but the last thing they really want to do is to destroy its effects.

It will be asked, "Why did the French insist so strongly upon the military occupation for another year and very nearly wreck the Conference to secure it?" In certain quarters it has been suggested that the real reason was an industrial one. The French industrialists, it is alleged, have been making recently a handsome profit out of the Ruhr, and this profit could not be continued either directly or indirectly if military evacuation had taken place. That, in our opinion, is a far-fetched and untrue theory. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the true explanation is to be found in suggestions that have during the last few days been thrown out in the French Press. The French are inveterate bargainers, and they are obsessed by the idea, and in a sense rightly, that we British attach enormous importance to the military evacuation of the Ruhr. But, they argue, if this is the case, and if, as is inevitable, the questions of inter-Allied debts and French security are now to be taken up, France may be in great need of having something to bargain with. The French Government feel that if French troops are still in occupation of the Ruhr, they will have the thing they need. In other words, the refusal of France to bind herself to the military evacuation of the Ruhr, either at once or with greatly accelerated speed, is not due to a dread of Germany, or a desire to punish her, or to financial or commercial reasons, but simply and solely to a wish to have what business people call good talking-points during the debt negotiations.

These considerations bring us straight to the problem of the Inter-Allied debts and security. Here we are sure that a bold and generous policy will prove the best, not only for the peace and safety of the world, but for the immediate and economic interests of Great Britain. Mr. MacDonald, in his public utterances, has shown that he does not like the idea of paying other countries the debts we owe them and letting them off the debts they owe us, or, as it is now put, becoming the Government which pays everything and receives nothing. Further, Mr. MacDonald has shown that he dreads the dumping which must take place if reparations are paid to us from Germany, and also debts from the Allies, for both Germany and our Allies can pay only in goods. The delivery of goods, as we believe and as every Free Trader must believe, would in the ordinary course of events do us no harm. They would come then on a basis of barter—could only be in effect orders for other goods to exchange against them. In a word, Germany could not, and would not, send us something for nothing. When Germans asked for goods or money, for that is the same thing, to take back with them, as they would under normal trade conditions, we should be called on to produce things—*i.e.*, to set men to work here. That must be clear to every Free Trader. But if Germany is compelled to send us goods as reparations, there is no basis of barter. We should then see real, genuine dumping—something for nothing. The effect of such true dumping must be to throw people out of work here, or, to put it in more beneficent terms, would be to give our people a rest. Our people would be absolved for a time from the law that a nation, if it wants certain things for its use, must either make them or else make something else which may be exchanged for those things.

The answer which we have given to this dilemma already is that we might spend German reparations and French and other Allied debt payments on great public works here. That is, instead of letting our men have a rest, —*i.e.*, being out of employment—we should set them to the better equipment and endowment, and so the improvement, of this country—more roads, more bridges, more land reclamations, more afforestation of

barren areas. We should get more of those things which, in ordinary circumstances, are said to be unjustified on economic grounds, but which would undoubtedly immensely increase the social and moral amenities of the country. However, we do not want to emphasize this argument now, but to point out to Mr. MacDonald that his two arguments are mutually destructive. If he dreads increasing industrial unemployment here, as well he may, because though he might counter it by a system of public works, he might also find that when his amenities works were finished the power of producing and trading in certain articles which had been dumped would have been lost, he cannot insist upon large reparation payments or his full pound of flesh in the matter of Inter-Allied debts.

We have stated this as a dilemma, but really we do not suppose that it is nearly so formidable in practice as it is dialectically. What we expect will be shown is that there is room for a compromise. We certainly ought not to take our whole pound of flesh either from the Germans or from the Allies; but probably we can safely, and without injury to ourselves, take half-a-pound in both cases. Meanwhile, we shall have plenty of bargaining and talking-points when the question of Inter-Allied debts comes up for settlement. Certainly we are not going to give up all our claims—claims so just and so reasonable—unless we can get a good all-round settlement. If we are going to pay the piper, we can justly call the tune—provided, always, that the tune is not a selfish one, but one securing general peace and prosperity, and, above all, security to France from the dread of war. In an Inter-Allied Conference on security and disarmament, such as we hope may very soon meet in London, we ought to hold the dominant position. No doubt if we were to hold that dominant position for our own ends we shall be eternally disgraced. If, however, we take the wider view, the view that the British nation wants to see taken, we may still save mankind.

J. St. Loe Strachey.

RACING VERSUS WORK.

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money.

THE betting trades continue to grow apace, despite the melancholy returns from the Employment Exchanges. Indeed, according to the report of the recent abortive Select Committee appointed to consider the question of imposing a duty on betting, there is even evidence to show that men in receipt of unemployment insurance benefit are "using it for purposes of betting." Betting has become a craze in all classes of society, and there is no doubt that it has now reached a point at which it makes a very considerable difference to the working capacity of the nation.

There are so many real and abominable sins that there is no need to seek to add to their number by denouncing betting as one of them. Nor is it necessary to adopt the attitude of a recent religious manifesto, which defines the attraction of a lottery as being of the same character as that of all forms of gambling—"gain by chance at the expense of others." I imagine that the average punter finds no attraction in the prospect of gaining by others' loss. The attraction lies in the flutter of excitement; in the pleasure derived from accentuating the issue of an uncertainty; in finding a means of escape from the intolerable dullness of life; in filling an intellectual void arising from lack of culture; in, last but not least, an inextinguishable hope of gain which survives repeated disappointments and finds powerful stimulation in occasional success. It is because this is so that the suitability of an issue for gambling purposes is in direct proportion to its uncertainty.

However venial the practice, the effects have become sufficiently serious. Betting has become a gigantic trade, and the bookmakers and their touts have now spread themselves an evil network everywhere. The number of bookmakers is not known, but it is probably not less than ten thousand. The number of minor agents is legion. The ordinary press will not print bookmakers' advertisements, but there is a considerable sporting press, and an amazing circulation of sporting "tips." An inquirer who cares to examine newspaper shops in poor urban quarters will find boards exhibited offering for sale, at sixpence or a shilling apiece, a variety of "winners." The only newsvendor I ever met possessed of a sense of humour on the subject was a gentleman at Lord's Cricket Ground, who cried "All the winners" and added, after a short pause, "*All the losers, too.*" Apart from this solitary exception on the part of one of its agents, the newspaper press knows nothing of losers. It dismisses the losers of yesterday with sublime indifference, and presents us with a new and infallible series of winners for to-day.

The bookmakers' touts are everywhere—in the street, in factories, in shops, even in Government offices. Some time ago I was informed by a clerk in a gigantic Government department that some of the messengers, aided by some of the clerks, acted as bookmakers' agents, collecting odd shillings from the girls. Street betting, illegal under the Street Betting Act of 1906, is carefully organized in defiance of a law which is obviously of a class character, and therefore reasonably unpopular. Street bets may be in shillings, sixpences or even threepences, but may range up to a few pounds. It is a lucrative business, this street betting, and the bookie can well afford to pay his spies who guard him from the policeman or plain-clothes detective. We are told that these guardians of "sport" do their work thoroughly, and that they even attend Police Courts to make themselves familiar with any new policeman or detective who may be set upon their happy hunting grounds. The public is entirely with the bookie and against the cops. And, as we may suppose, the cops' duty of suppressing street betting under an unpopular law is exceedingly distasteful, and pursued without undue enthusiasm. So tens of millions of little bets are made in the teeth of the law.

As for the turf commission agent with an office, he may be a very lordly person indeed, with a tremendous staff. He is a big customer of the telegraph and telephone systems. I remember that a few years ago, in a case tried by Mr. Justice Darling in the Midlands, it was shown that a bookmaker, involved in the matter at issue, had palatial offices, a private telegraph system, a considerable staff of clerks, and over a hundred lady typists! The Judge observed that the concern appeared to have more clerks than His Majesty's Government employed at the Peace Conference at Versailles.

Precisely how many people are directly employed in the betting business is as difficult to estimate as the amounts waged in a year, but it seems probable that bookmakers, great and small, together with their clerks and touts, can hardly be fewer than sixty thousand, this number not including the small shopkeepers who in so many cases act as agents.

The natural attractions of the subject, stimulated by a host of agencies, have results which are often amusing. What could be more distressing to the dignity of a sober citizen than to find, when buying the *Evening Standard* to ascertain the news upon some great question concerning the fate of empires, that the itinerant vendor assumes as a matter of course that he wants to know the "two-

thirty winner," and gratuitously offers him the information? Down-at-heels accosts us in the street when we buy a paper, and asks whether Peppercastor won the Jubilee Stakes. We find that the waitresses in the teashop have a shilling on, and are anxious for information. Not long ago, anxious about a certain public issue, I saw a rush for the papers; for a moment I thought my anxiety was shared by others. Of course I was wrong; it was a racing result they were after. Wherever men gather together, you can hear them discussing the odds.

I do not pretend to know what the nation as a whole loses through the horse-racing obsession. I am not very fond of figures, and if I were, the facts do not exist to enable a reliable estimate to be made. Witnesses before the Select Committee variously guessed the yearly stakes at from £75,000,000 to £500,000,000. The Chairman's draft report, which was stillborn through the sudden dissolution of Parliament in 1923, suggested £200,000,000 as a reasonable figure. Two hundred millions turned over, of course, does not mean two hundred millions lost. It means their transfer from certain hands to certain other hands, and the incidental maintenance of professional bookmakers and their employees. It certainly means grave loss to millions who cannot afford it and whose families suffer accordingly. It means, also, as the Criminal Courts only too plainly show, the yearly manufacture of a considerable amount of crime. Every day, betting losses that cannot be borne create fresh criminals. It is 1,000 to 1 that as I write some junior who never stole before is helping himself to lay a stake to win back what he could not afford to lose.

A number of recent cases have shown how attempts have been made to tamper with Post Office officials and to utter fraudulent telegrams, and through several notorious instances we have come to realize that bookmakers are sometimes more honest than their customers.

Not less serious is the effect upon work. The fact that millions are daily giving their minds to small bets, which represent a serious proportion of their weekly wages, must necessarily frustrate work. A man cannot give his mind to his job when he has put more than he can afford upon the issue of the Diddler's Handicap, the result of which will not be known until about 3.15. And when 3.15 arrives, and the usual loss is made, there follow discussions and calculations as to what horse is to be selected for the morrow to retrieve the five shillings lost to-day.

In such an atmosphere good work goes by the board, and while in the nature of the case it is impossible to frame any estimate of what the resulting loss means to the nation, it must obviously be enormous in the aggregate.

While we still lack a general good organization of transport facilities, the railway companies go out of their way to oblige the racing confraternity. As I live on a racing line, I am only too well aware of the fact. In a recent week there was no train from my station to London between 10.30 in the morning and 6.30 in the evening, because the ordinary service was suspended to enable the company to run special trains at extravagant prices to take a mixture of swells and the swollen to a well-known racecourse. Yet this railway company could make much more money by electrifying this particular line and by thus encouraging home-making in the beautiful district it serves. As I wasted many hours of good time through the racing disorganization, I reflected upon the unemployed gentlemen in the racing trains, and upon the fact, also, that our electrical engineering firms lack contracts, and that therefore good engineers are emigrating because they cannot find work to do in England.

I have spoken of evils; I am not at all sure that I know of remedies likely to be entertained. Horse-racing itself is a glorious sport, and it is a pity that it cannot be followed for its own sake. That love of a noble animal does not account for the space given to horse-racing in the Press is sufficiently illustrated by the fact that the recent Olympia Horse Show and its real sports were fobbed off with very inadequate reports, which signally failed to do them justice. It is impossible to suppress betting even if we desired to do it, and I, for one, have the strongest objection to legislation in restriction of personal liberty where no real crime is involved. The mass of betting, the "mug's game," will not disappear until we cease to manufacture "mugs." The only way to counter the curious conception that betting on a horse we have never seen, on the advice of an ignorant person unknown, amounts to "sport," is to provide abundant opportunities for the exercise of genuine sport. That done, betting would doubtless remain, but in quantity and kind it would become comparatively harmless.

Facing things as they are, however, there seems room for further discussion of the taxation of betting. The Select Committee of 1923, which was cut short by the dissolution before it had time to consider more than a small part of the Chairman's draft report, thought well to present its general view to Parliament in the following words:—

"In the opinion of your Committee the imposition of a duty on betting is practicable, but the impending dissolution of Parliament has prevented your Committee from sufficiently considering the remaining paragraphs of the chairman's draft report."

The Chairman's report proposed that the Committee should approve and adopt in the main the scheme of betting taxation proposed by the Board of Customs and Excise. That scheme, it may be remembered, which the Committee had not time to discuss, included the licensing of bookmakers, the imposition of an *ad valorem* duty upon all stakes (collected from the bookmakers) the registration of betting-houses, and, street betting remaining illegal, the legalization of cash betting off the racecourses in registered betting houses. The proposed duty was two and a half per cent., which would yield £5,000,000 a year on the turnover estimated, apart from the yield of the licence and registration duties.

We may also remind ourselves that not only Continental nations, who notoriously lack our nice moral sense, but, sad to say, some of our own Colonies, discourage bookmakers by the Pari-Mutuel or Totalizator. This is a very simple device, which in effect turns every race into a sort of sweepstake. At the racecourse an official board is hoisted, giving the names of the runners. The punter who desires to bet names his fancy, and puts so much or so little upon it by handing the amount to an official working a machine. The machine registers and indicates the tickets sold for each horse. When the race is over, all the money received as stakes on all the horses in the race is divided between the spotters of the winner in proportion to the amount of their stakes. A percentage of the stakes is deducted for expenses and profit. When the system is run by the State, as in France, the deduction, in this case ten per cent., furnishes a handsome revenue in relief of general taxation. We, of course, feel that it would never do to countenance the hazard by any such device; we merely place the great official resources of the post, the telegraph, and the telephone unreservedly at the disposal of the turf agents, and leave the rest to Providence.

There are many who deplore the evils of betting as it is; there are few who have the courage to face the difficulties of possible remedies. The law as it stands is confused and unjust, and abhorrent alike to judges, lawyers, litigants, and the public at large. But the

easiest course for any Government to take is to do nothing, and therefore, I suspect, the evils attendant will continue to flourish.

THE BOUNDARY PROBLEM.

WE wish we could feel that it was safe, and therefore wise, to say nothing more about the Boundary problem till Parliament meets. Unfortunately, we cannot solace ourselves with a policy of silence. It is unfortunately evident from Mr. Cosgrave's speech in the Dail, and also from the inferences that must be drawn from Mr. De Valera's speech, and perhaps even more from the attitude of that part of the Press which supports the action of the Government in introducing legislation to alter the settlement made in the Treaty, that the Free State's claim is not merely for rectification of the boundary, but for a radical alteration of the area to which both the Northern and the Southern Acts apply. From what we know of the decision given by the highest tribunal in the Empire, *i.e.*, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it has become necessary to the Free State's contention to make an effort to convert the Boundary Commission from a voluntary Commission, as the Judicial Committee in effect decides it to be, into a compulsory Commission. This means a repeal of a portion of the statutory settlement based on the so-called Treaty and the giving to the newly constituted Boundary Tribunal of the power to vary not only the Free State Act but the Act creating the Northern Province.

A great deal has been said about the intention of the Treaty, but it is obvious that its intention was to do what it, in fact, does, that is, to create a voluntary Boundary Commission for rectifying the frontier line on a strictly limited scale. In other words, the intention was to rectify the boundary line subject to certain strict conditions as regards geography and commerce. There are thus two predominant conditions: (1) that the Commission can be set up only by voluntary action; and (2) that even then its decisions must be in accord with the limitations prescribed in regard to economic and geographical considerations. And now we are told in effect by Mr. Cosgrave that, whatever the Act says, he was assured that what was meant was a compulsory Commission and a fundamental alteration of the area, not mere boundary rectification.

Against this we have the plain and clear statement of Mr. Chamberlain that he and his Unionist colleagues in assenting to the Act giving statutory force to the Treaty agreement were convinced that all they were doing was agreeing to rectification. Nothing was further from their thoughts and intents than a fundamental alteration of the area. Sir James Craig has always told us that his abandonment of determined opposition to the Act was due to the assurance he received that only rectification was intended and further that no Boundary Commission could be established except upon a voluntary basis. With these safeguards he thought it his duty, however strong his personal dislike of the policy which the British Government had adopted, to refrain from anything in the nature of obstruction. In spite of these facts we are, apparently, going to see a Bill forced through Parliament, a Bill based upon the presumption that when the Government passed their Act giving statutory sanction to the Treaty they intended, though they expressed the exactly opposite view in actual words, to have a compulsory Boundary Commission, and further that, when they talked about boundaries, they did not mean boundaries or their rectification, but fundamental alterations of the area laid down in the Act establishing the Northern Province. This being the case, and this question of intention being the main matter in dispute, Parliament is surely not to be called upon to act in the dark.

If this tremendous step, which incidentally may actually mean the partial repeal of the Colonial Boundaries Act (58 and 59 Victoria, Cap. 34) under which self-governing communities in the Empire are secured against alteration of boundaries except by their own consent, is taken on the plea of intention, Parliament must come to a decision as to what the intention was. But obviously the question of intention cannot be settled by rhetorical speeches in debate. The right thing for the House of Commons to do, and the fair thing, would be to appoint a Parliamentary Committee to examine the matter and hear evidence. The power not only to administer an oath, but to relieve Privy Councillors of their Privy Councillor's oath, and to call as witnesses the chief persons concerned in making the Treaty and ascertain what they believed to be the intent of their action would, of course, be given to the Committee of Inquiry. Mr. Lloyd George would describe his intention, and would be asked to say exactly what assurances he gave (1) at the beginning of the negotiations for a Treaty and (2) during its course not only to the Free State leaders but to Sir James Craig and the Ulster Government. Similar questions must be put to and answers received from the other negotiators, including Mr. Cosgrave and the representatives of the Irish Government. Mr. Cosgrave surely cannot and would not refuse to give such evidence, considering that he is a party to the pact on behalf of which the new Bill is to be introduced. To refuse to recognize the right of the House of Commons to question him would in effect be to declare that Ireland had separated from the Empire and so from the purview of the Imperial Parliament. If the House of Commons by a party majority insists on legislating in the dark and refuses to hear what pledges were given not only before the passing of the Free State Act, but also before the passing of the Northern Province Act, then it seems to us that the House of Lords ought to perform this function.

We have two other points to make. One is to remind our readers and the public generally that this question of the pledges, intentions, and nature of the Boundary clause is no new thing. A reference to the files of the *Spectator* shows how much the matter was in our minds in February, 1922. We then talked about the deplorable uncertainty into which Mr. Lloyd George had plunged the whole question of the Ulster Boundaries: "That question, upon which there need never have been any doubt, is the supreme evil of the moment."

We went on to describe the astonishment with which Sir James Craig, when he met Mr. Collins with high hopes that they would be able to come to a voluntary agreement, was confronted by the tremendous claim for annexation, *i.e.* for an alteration of the area so fundamental that it would have reduced the Northern Province to half its size as set forth in the Act of 1920. It was on this occasion that Sir James Craig, whose words may be depended upon absolutely on this or any other issue, put forth the following announcement:—

> "Owing to the fact of Mr. Collins's stand on the Boundary Commission, and the Irish delegation's agreement with Mr. Lloyd George, that larger territories were involved, and not merely a boundary line, as Sir James Craig was given to understand privately by several British Ministers, and from statements of Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons, no further agreement was reached."

To put it quite plainly, what happened was that Mr. Michael Collins set before the astonished eyes of Sir James Craig a map which, he was given to understand, was Mr. Lloyd George's own official map and which was

marked with the blue pencil of the then Prime Minister. Instead of handing over a few Roman Catholic districts to the Free State and a few Protestant districts in Donegal to the Northern Province, it withdrew nearly half its territory from the Northern Province.

It will be seen from the following passage, taken from an article which we wrote at the time, that our demand for an investigation of what was said to the parties concerned before the passage of the Act giving effect to the Free State Treaty is not any new-fangled device on our part to complicate or embarrass the issue, but is merely a repetition of an old demand :—

"The astounding thing about the deadlock is that both Sir James Craig and Mr. Collins are equally positive that their claims are supported by assurances given to them in conversation by the Prime Minister and other members of the Cabinet . . . It is absolutely essential that the Government should clear up the mystery at once. They should say where they stand. They should inform the nation beyond possibility of further doubt whether they intended, as Mr. Collins avows, that there should be a great change of territory, or whether they meant that there should be only such a rectification of the boundaries as would remove from Ulster a few groups of Sinn Feiners, and add to Ulster a few groups of loyalists. Although we have followed Irish affairs with much attention we cannot call to mind any report or speech or letter which gives us reason to believe that there is justification for the view which Mr. Collins takes. We did not dream that rights so solemnly pledged to Ulster and guaranteed by Act of Parliament in 1920 were really regarded as legitimate matters for discussion. We trusted to the Prime Minister, and we have to admit sorrowfully that we were wrong to do so. In Parliament on Tuesday the Prime Minister had an opportunity of making the facts clear, but all he said was to the effect that the Collins-Craig dispute must not be taken too seriously, and that the best course was to wait a little longer and see if the principals could agree. This, surely, was a very ominous treatment of the matter, since everything depends upon knowing exactly what Ministers of the Crown said during the negotiations."

If readers want to trace the matter further, they should refer to Mr. Chamberlain's speech during the debate on Wednesday, February 8th, 1922. We summarized it as follows :—

"Mr. Chamberlain, in answering Captain Craig's speech, defended the Prime Minister, and said that if he was dishonoured all the members of the Cabinet were also dishonoured, because their action had been common. He declared that the rights and privileges of Ulster had been left intact and that they would not be altered without her consent. Mr. Chamberlain then quoted at length promises and pledges which had been made by the Prime Minister."

We may add to these quotations a quotation from the letter which Sir James Craig sent to the Prime Minister on December 14th, 1921, in regard to the Treaty :—

"A question which vitally affects our interests is the decision to establish a Commission to revise the boundaries between Northern Ireland and Southern Ireland. There is, I believe, no precedent in the history of the British Empire for taking any territory from an established Government without its sanction. Moreover, this is a breach of the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, which was put into operation only last June, when His Majesty the King in person opened the Parliament of Northern Ireland. *At our meeting on December 9th you explained that it was only intended to make a slight readjustment of our boundary line, so as to bring into Northern Ireland loyalists who are now just outside our area and to transfer correspondingly an equivalent number of those having Sinn Fein sympathies to the area of the Irish Free State.* The Lord Chancellor's speech, however, has given encouragement to those endeavouring to read into it a different interpretation. As I intimated to Mr. Austen Chamberlain by telephone before leaving London, I reserved to my Government the right of dissenting from the appointment of any Boundary Commission."

We have thought it necessary to put these unpleasant and harassing facts on record, but we are glad to be able to add that Mr. Baldwin has visited Ulster and has been in consultation with Sir James Craig. That is excellent news. Mr. Baldwin is not a man who can possibly add to the betrayals or the double dealings under which the South is told one thing and the North another. If we may venture upon advice to the Ulstermen, it is that they should let themselves be guided by Mr. Baldwin's advice. After the treatment that they have received already, it would be too much to advise them to put themselves unreservedly in the hands of any English politician, though personally we think that they would be quite safe in Mr. Baldwin's hands, but, at any rate, we do most earnestly urge them to give Mr. Baldwin their general confidence and to let him act as a negotiator.

To Mr. Ramsay MacDonald we will only say, "Remember the Ruhr and what has come from armed occupation under partisan allegations as to the meaning of a Treaty, and the claiming of the pound of flesh on allegations as to intention. If you force your Bill through and insist on a compulsory Commission, you will have to apply these decisions either by allowing a civil war in Ireland, or else by sending your own troops to shoot down the Ulstermen." We would also ask Mr. MacDonald to take as a precedent his own wise decision with regard to the Sudan. It is almost an exact analogy. The Egyptians are claiming the right to coerce the Sudanese because, as they say, they have never consented, and never will consent, to the partition of their country. The fact that the Sudanese themselves like the "partition" and detest the idea of Egyptian domination is brushed aside by the Cairo Government just as the protests of Ulster are brushed aside by the Irish Republicans when they declare that they will not have the sacred soil of their island divided. If Mr. MacDonald and his Government apply sound principles to the Sudan, why cannot they apply them to Ulster?

ACROSS UNKNOWN AUSTRALIA.

BELOW is printed the diary of two adventurous youths of British stock who were allured by the pure lust of adventure to hazard more than the crew of the 'Argo' hazarded for the Golden Fleece. A stretch of utterly unknown country where their fates might at any moment meet them in the dark; where all was uncertain and nothing yet tried, or mapped, or accounted for. That was the beckoning finger. They only knew that there was no path, little or no water, no shade by day, no shelter by night—only the blue horizon, the mirage, and the tall grass in which you could wander and die alone, yet but a mile from your friend. The grass forest, haunted by poisonous snakes and by mysterious natives who were unseen, but whose presences were plain in the place, was not, however, always springing up in green or faded yellow from its huge tussocks. A spark, a breath of wind, and the vast carpet was a fiery furnace.

But all these chances, terrors, and dangers did not deter. Instead they drew Michael Terry and Richard Yockney like a magnet. The vast spaces, the distance and the dark went to their heads like wine. The lip of the untrampled, waterless desert and its quivering delusions was to them the Siren's song. Their diary shows how they were drawn on like the youth in "Excelsior." The only difference is that these apparently bare, dry entries are infinitely more poignant than the sugary twaddle of the poem. For those who will take the trouble to listen, the diary's heart still beats against its side. There is the delightful one-line sketch of the wonderful and beautiful "girl in the pub" who touches the heart like the maiden in Longfellow. Instead, however, of being tinted paste-board she is flesh and blood. But, though she could manage them, and evidently made their hearts flutter, as did Wordsworth's "Highland Girl" by the Waterfall, she could not stop them. No more could the old men who said that the thing was folly or than the miners who offered them a share in their silver.

They are on pilgrimage; they are bound for the other side. To get across is to them as compelling an order as "Go higher!"

To me these things leap from the pages of the diary. The girl at the pub, the daughters of the Selector, "half French," who are knocked up in the middle of the night to dance to the gramophone, the natives on "walk-about," the races, the six white women in the Royal

Enclosure of this Ascot of the Bush, *i.e.*, the police lock-up, the mystical and yet entirely realistic Chinaman, and the graves of the pilgrims who had fallen by the way so recently and so silently, all these have been swept into my dreams for ever. They came like shadows, but they will not so depart. They will, I am convinced, make a like impact on the minds of all who will read this diary slowly enough and ask as they go what each apparently bald and empty record really means. If they will in this way let their imaginations off the leash, they will soon be as much under the spell as I am. Imagine what it must be like to put your Ford car, not too plentifully supplied with motor-spirit, at the desert as a man in the hunting-field puts his horse at a fence. A compass bearing, a brave heart, a blue horizon, and a shimmer, that is all there is to it—and all the time Death, somehow as gay as the motorists themselves, hunting them up and down the Bush! They did that hoary old villain in the eye; but one feels he was quite pleased to be beaten by such gallant youths. If he did grumble a little at not getting them and muttered something about next time, certainly some time, there was no malice in it. They had given him a good run and had fairly beaten him.

Therefore, I say once more, read the diary and do not be put off by its sage simplicity. It is as full of the real stuff of life as are Crabbe's poems.

J. St. Loe Strachey.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF MICHAEL TERRY, F.R.G.S.

I met Richard Yockney in Winton, Western Queensland, and we decided to try to cross to the West Coast in a motor-car. We bought an old Ford for £50, and during two months we rebuilt it and specially equipped it for the journey. People were inquisitive as to plans during our preparations, and when we gave out that Broome was our destination, only sarcastic advice followed.

On setting out we had only £8 2s. 3d. left between us, so we turned ourselves into itinerant mechanics so as to get money for running expenses.

February 17th.—We heard to-day that we are known as Mutt and Jeff the Explorers. It was 123° to-day. Heavy thunderstorms all around. A thick dust storm just missed the homestead where we are repairing their car. Two bush fires started by storms over Corella way. Left after tea to fight them. Up most of night.

March 8th.—On the road at grey light. Travelling very heavy on the black soil. Puncture two miles out. Pegged along very depressed as there didn't seem a chance to get through. Badly bogged twice. Got to Kynuna at midday (40 miles). Delighted. Wonderful girl at the pub. Typical Charles Garvice character. Beautiful, and handles men like children, myself included. Went over to the station and worked their car.

March 30th.—Great surprise to-day. During afternoon, Bennett from "Tall-Tall" rode over in his Sunday best. Asked why we were working. Couldn't understand why we shouldn't till he told us it was Good Friday. We then realized we had completely lost track of time.

April 6th.—Repairing car at Olive's selection. We went to bed at 8.30 as usual. Olive himself blew in from McKinlay with friend, both rather happy. Got gramophone going and got his daughters up to dance. This at 11.30. Terrible for bush people, but then these are half French.

July 2nd.—Camped at a new silver lead find sixty miles out from Duchess on the Camooweal track. Inspected the mine. Advised by miners to peg out alongside, but, as we are for the "Territory," declined with thanks.

July 3rd.—Passed through Camooweal and got benzine, also tinned meat for emergency. Pulled out of town towards sundown, crossed into the Northern Territory half an hour later. No wood in sight, so had to chip bits off a fence strainer post and collect bits of bark for our fire. Bitterly cold to-night. Strong S.E. wind. On huge open plain.

July 4th.—Camped at Rankin River, where the yearly race meeting is being held. Absolutely flat and no trees. One store and police barracks. No telegraph. Everyone camped out except the six white women who are living in the lock-up.

July 5th.—Dick and I pooled our clothes and I took the best set so as to go to the races. Dick stayed "bush" as he wasn't respectable!

July 6th.—Passed through Alexandria Station. Crossed a plain 30 miles wide, no trees, but only grass a few inches high.

July 7th.—Awfully cold and very windy to-day. Arrived at Alroy Station this evening. Largest pack horse mail in Australia passes here. It does 1,000 miles a month.

August 6th.—On the go once more. Track finishes here. We have huge plains ahead and Government sub-artesian bores every twenty miles or so. Ground honeycombed with "paddy-melon" holes. Had very often to dig out the wheels as these holes open up enormously if any weight passes over them. Our guide is only a rough cattle pad. Very little timber, just open plain with tufts of grass over which we bump at 3 m.p.h. maximum speed. Sir Ross Smith came down at a spot about 20 miles on our way. Before getting to No. 2 bore, saw some stock on our right. All of a sudden a curious looking, tall, grey-brown beast left the herd and started coming at a great pace straight at us. Realized it was a bull buffalo. Dick loaded up revolvers, but being too small a calibre for a sure kill we had to hold our fire. The buffalo slid to a halt just close to where we had to pass. Couldn't leave the pad as it was too rough. Had to pass very close to it. After we were by he came at us again, but at the critical moment swerved off, watching us go by. His curiosity was soon appeased and he trotted back to the herd. His horns were about seven feet long, growing straight back from the head. A small hump behind the shoulders. About half as large again as a bullock. Species of water buffalo imported in early days by Dutch.

August 11th.—Set out again. Met two blacks in the scrub. One was a dwarf with a huge head. Both had spears and boomerangs, looked warlike but were only station boys on "walk-about." Yarned with a teamster going to Daly Waters. Arrived at a water boring contractor's camp. Agreed to put in two days' work for an eight-gallon drum of benzine. Blacks brought word that our friend the teamster had been tomahawked by a black an hour or so after we had left him. Runner sent out to police at Newcastle Waters.

August 12th.—Worked all day. After tea at night we went to the working blacks and watched the young gins practising corroboree dances. Music supplied by a didjiri-du. This is a long hollow bent tree root, five feet long. They blow down it intermittently, while others chant and beat sticks together.

August 14th.—As we left camp we saw blind black come over to mill for water, led by attendant, both holding a long stick between them. They carried away water in "coolamon," *i.e.*, a vessel two feet long hollowed out of wood, like a boat. Plenty of grass on top of water to stop splashing. At Murranja Water-holes saw the grave of "A. McDonald," a drover who died of fever last year. Buried beneath pile of stones with a blazed tree as headstone. Camped near Kismet Soak; a traveller with pack horses joined us as we were eating. He gave us sketch maps of country to the Victoria River, one hundred miles west.

August 15th.—Passed Yellow Water-holes and arrived at Jump-up at sundown. We are at edge of Barclay Tableland which has not been crossed since Camooweal. Saw a barrow hung up in tree where man perished last March in trying to get through pushing his all in a barrow. Nice reminder for us. Had to work on compass bearings to-day. Tall grass makes travelling very slow and dangerous. Afraid hot exhaust pipe might start bush fire.

August 17th.—Tied tree on behind car getting down off Tableland. Numbers of creek and river crossings to-day. Did about eight miles. Dick nearly stepped on a Diamond snake, seven feet long. Lucky escape, very poisonous. Used winch at one creek to pull car out. Attached it to base of small tree which came down and just missed us. Got water in billabong beside Armstrong River.

August 18th.—Blazed "Terry and Yockney. 17/8/23" on large gum tree beside a lagoon. Tea finished to-day. Drinking sweetened hot water. Dingoes troubled us at night. Came right up to camp and snapped a bit of meat a foot or two from me. Couldn't sleep much for their howls and yaps. Had some shots at them and got one.

August 19th.—Terrible limestone ridges had to be crossed. Lost our bearings and missed the crossing over the Armstrong River. Couldn't trace our mistake, so slept anxiously.

August 20th.—We left the car and separated to explore. Returned at midday and found Dick had located the crossing. Tea very much missed. Got to crossing by sundown; used winch to get over. Banks twenty feet deep. Pick and shovel preparation.

August 24th.—Reached Townshend River after some awful motoring (?) Last ten miles took two days. Last water used, so very anxious as water is not certain at the river. However, black cockatoos rose from some timber and we found a soak all right. Still no tea.

August 25th.—Still on dead reckoning. Mount Wollaston sighted during day. Course altered due west for Victoria

River. Car lost in high grass as we walked about hunting for firewood.

August 26th.—Fuel getting low and all bottom gear work, so we can't hang out very long. While examining ground ahead Dick came across fence accidentally. Great joy as it must be what we are after. Cut it and took car through and got to river by midday. Crossed over by sundown and then ran river up. Camped on plain and very cold, too.

August 27th.—Arrived Wave Hill Station, 300 miles from Newcastle Waters. Stockmen would not believe we had got across to Murranji track, but our answers at last convinced them. Chinaman cook said, "Moloto clar good feller too muchee, go evelywhere, beat 'em horsee."

August 29th.—Crossing Grave Creek both axles got caught up on high stones. Had a long job levering car off, as the wheels were clear of the ground. Got to old cattle yards at the Swan River at sundown. Found all the country burnt and blackened. Big bush fire to the west. Black threatening clouds banking up. Heat of fire made blankets unnecessary for the night. Reflections of fire on clouds made it possible to read long after dark. Rain seems a certainty, so our chances of perishing are big as we can't move as we are between two rivers. Hardly slept all night.

August 30th.—Started moving as grey light appeared. Couldn't get our bearings as the wagon tracks we had to pick up were covered over with blackened grass. Found river running contrary to map. Proved this by flood wood left after wet season. Started running up the river instead of down, as directed. Very "windy" as this meant we must soon leave it and strike into waterless country. Had to get a move on as the bush fire crept round behind us and started coming our way. Change of wind cleared the sky. Later in the day came across burning country ahead. Trapped! Resolved to get through face of fire. Found stony patch of ground; rushed car through this gap in the face. Close shave as flames flared up to fifteen feet high in tall, dry grass. Came across burnt country again soon, so had a spell and examined car for damage. Luckily clean sheet.

August 31st.—Hit Sturt Creek this morning. Ran it down to Wallamunga water-hole. Struck S.W. from there and joined the creek again at Sweetwater Lagoon. Crossed there and struck due south for the station twenty-four miles away. Left Mt. Wittenoom on our left. Fuel finished four miles from creek. Abandoned car but burnt grass round it in case of a fire coming along. Cooked Johnnie cakes to-night.

September 1st.—Started walking before daylight. Used stars as guide as we were on a plain. Came to scrub country, at midday, of the waterless variety. Directions clear, so started into it, but anxious as well, for we expected a plain right to the station. At sundown so tired out that we couldn't lay still. Bitterly cold night as we had no blankets.

September 2nd.—Walking again before sun-up. By midday both of us very weary. Chewing pebbles to allay thirst. Using sticks to help walking. Struck track running E.—W. soon after midday. Decided to go east as we were far enough south. Towards sundown Dick tore up private papers as he reckoned we were going to perish. Constant resting essential, so progress very slow. By sundown both of us about done in. Tiny soak found in nick of time as another quarter-mile would have been too late. Became very ill and weak after drinking. Decided to go further east.

September 3rd.—Back at soak again after drawing a blank. I couldn't go further so Dick started going west to try and get somewhere. I sat down and waited.

September 4th.—Chewed leaves and ate grasshoppers. Smoked continuously. Kept hearing wheels coming through the bush. Too weak to stand. Bitterly cold night as usual.

September 5th.—4.30. Turnout appeared coming through the scrub. Intense relief. Am rescued.

September 6th.—Drove to the station. Heard Dick's story. He kept walking till he found a fence. As it must be close to homestead, reaction caused him to collapse. Found by friendly blacks who took word to homestead. Horses mustered and plant assembled to go for me in a hurry. Fear I may have shot myself.

September 12th.—Finished spell and found station had three gallons benzine, so went out with pack horses to find car. Located it easily by a bearing on Mt. Wittenoom. Compass showed homestead S.W. x ½ W. of Sweetwater, *not* due south.

September 16th.—Arrived Hall's Creek, Western Australia. Got more supplies and set out along a track for Derby at the mouth of the Fitzroy River.

September 18th.—Arrived Derby.

October 2nd.—No one willing to buy car in Derby, so we started for Broome. Put in a day crocodile shooting at the river.

October 4th.—Arrived at Broome with only £12 left, but sold car for £100, so clearing up this situation satisfactorily. Great fêting when news got around that we were the first men to cross the Continent in a motor-car, our total traveling being 2,700 miles, of which 800 was through trackless open country and had taken us eight months to accomplish.

P.S.—If we had said "yes"* on July 2nd, we would have cleared up £10,000.

THE LITERATE PEOPLE.

IF in England or Australia you saw a town with its streets hung with bunting and crowded with thousands of people, if you saw tents and stands in an open space and heard of a doubled train and 'bus service, you would guess a race meeting or an agricultural show. In Spain it would be a bull fight, and in Provence I have seen such festive symptoms on a smaller scale on account of a football match. In Scotland cheerful loitering crowds assemble to see the great athletic meetings of the Highland games, while in America you might guess a political or a business convention. I once read of just such a cheerful scene accompanying the assembling of the united undertakers and embalmers of that nation—Mortitions they called themselves. They had an exhibition, too—finished work of all kinds, I fancy—but all that is beside the point.

Surely only in Wales—among what must surely be the most literate people in Europe—would a week of dense crowds and suspended traffic mean a literary and musical competition, and the grand event of the whole affair be the honouring of a hitherto obscure young man because he had written a meritorious lyric.

Every day for a week at Pontypool this August a temporary hall holding well over twelve thousand people has been filled twice a day—in the afternoons and evenings—and half filled every morning besides, at prices that varied from half a crown to six and sixpence. The attractions were events which could have no possible interest except their ostensible aesthetic or academic one.

We in England also gather together for our pleasure; we have had our advertising convention and our Rodeo, and that serious and learned people, the Scotch, will soon be casting claymores—or whatever they are—and dancing madly in circles. However in Scotland, too, the arts are honoured in the "Mod" if on a smaller scale. While we Anglo-Saxons, then, have been employed according to our taste with various sized beasts or various sized balls, the small shopkeepers, farmers, ministers, domestic servants, poachers, quarrymen, doctors and lawyers of Wales have been concerning themselves with intricate questions of poetic metre, dramatic form, ancient usage and musical style, and that without looking down on us or feeling in any way superior or self-conscious.

In England we hear only of the big national competition, but there are small eisteddfods going on all over Wales whenever business permits or at such times, for instance, as between the hay and the corn harvests and in the winter in agricultural places, and on Bank Holidays or at any slack time in the towns.

The holiday visitor does not see much of this life as a rule, because it is least active in the tourist centres at the holiday seasons, for the excellent reason that the contraltos are busy as landladies and the sopranos are making the visitors' beds, while the tenors are driving Fords and the baritones shovelling out currants and sugar. Nor will it be seen—its existence may even be entirely denied—by those who go a little later to stay in Welsh country houses for the shooting. Nearly all the squires in Wales are English, or at any rate anglicized. Only a week or two ago in a country part of North Wales which is almost painfully stuffed with

* Allusion to offer of miners. See entry July 2nd above.

the learned, the eloquent and the melodious—the thing is occasionally a definite bore if you want to get fencing put up or drains dug—the lady of the manor sighed to me over the slowness and backwardness of the people. So different from people in England! They seemed so helpless and out of date to her! But living so far from everywhere what could you expect? She wished she could get up to London a little oftener—really she was afraid of getting like them herself. Had I seen *Lilac Time*? So charming.

In another district the squire and squiress are unendingly kind and philanthropic. They are genuinely partial to all the Evanses, Joneses and Prichards on their estate, though they own frankly that even as beaters—surely the simplest work—the Welsh are inferior to the English. I doubt if this particular pair have more than half a dozen books in the whole of their very large Victorian house. Yet their unreflecting condescension to the literate who live about them is taken in perfectly good part, and the fact that gentlefolk are practically illiterate, if it ever rankled, has long ceased to annoy. Indeed, there is only one certain sign that the fact is recognized, and that is the rather disproportionate pleasure, surprise and almost pride shown when it is found that any landed proprietor not only can, but does, read or write or play an instrument.

In Wales music and literature seem to be the inheritance of the poor as naturally as they are in most places the monopoly of artists and patrons. There are, however, other of the arts that so far have been nobody's child in Wales. The Welsh will tell you that the English are the modern Romans—but there is a difference. The Romans cared for sculpture, painting and architecture; the English—in Wales at least—do not. But there seem signs that the Welsh themselves, whose taste in these things is at present ignorant and bad, are beginning to realize the need of these arts if they are to balance their civilization—for that seems to be a sort of a goal to them lately, and a good deal of attention has been given to the visual arts. It is curious to watch in Wales the increase of national consciousness and the desire to learn which it has brought. It seems to be mainly cultural, and the political side of it, though it exists, seems to be subordinate. It is possible that in ten years or so we may find that there is a new and also very old civilization flourishing beside us and refreshing our own with certain very valuable ingredients.

A. Williams-Ellis.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AND THE WORKING MAN.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I was very much interested in the letter of "A Would-be Conservative Candidate" in the *Spectator* of August 2nd, concerning the present state of the Conservative Party, and I share his views that something should be done, and done quickly, if the Conservative Party wishes to preserve its position in the State. From my intimate knowledge of the working classes, being one of them myself, I am convinced that their sympathies for the Labour Party are becoming more and more pronounced every day. It is becoming increasingly rare to find an avowed working man Conservative. The pressure of the Labour Party has squeezed out the vitality of what was once the Conservative element in Trade Union circles.

Where Conservative opinions do prevail, they are generally associated with the older school of Trade Unionists rather than with the younger and more virile members. It has become unpardonable to be a political dissenter. If one has the temerity to differ with those of the Labour Party he does so at the expense of forfeiting the opportunities of rising to the more important positions in his Trade Union. I am not aware of any eminent Labour politician who belongs to the Conservative Party. This ought not to be, and every effort should be made to render the Conservative working man equal to his rivals in his opportunities for social and political distinction.

And here I am reminded that in other directions Conservative working men suffer disabilities which are absent from his political opponents and which operate to the disadvantage of the Conservative Party. I refer to Boards of Guardians, Town Councils, magistracies, co-operative societies, &c., all of which more or less excite the activities of the Labour Party to the utter exclusion of the Conservative working classes. It is rare indeed to find the Conservative Party nominating a working man to the magistracy, and I have yet to learn that in my own city, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the Conservative Party is represented upon the City Council by a working man.

Wherever one turns in our social and political life the spectacle of Conservative inanition is seen. It is not to be wondered at that young, capable and ambitious men join the Labour Party. One cannot blame them; human nature being what it is, it is obvious that it will address itself to the best opportunities for promotion. As a working man I venture to say that I am firmly convinced that the "trek" of the young men to the Labour Party can be arrested if the Conservative Party would liberalize its present too exclusive character. Its "stuffiness" is a byword amongst the working classes, and its ineptitude to appreciate present-day politics renders it an object of pity to its well-wishers.

Herbert Spencer used to say that public institutions are invariably managed by the most unsuitable persons, and I have found during my long association with the Conservative Party that its real weakness consists in the character of the agents it employs. How some of them have been appointed is a mystery; probably social influences have been a contributory cause. A political agent should possess the missionary spirit. I will go so far as to say that he ought to be something of a fanatic. At any rate, he ought to be liberally endowed with a passion for his work, and inspired by a lofty faith in his mission. Alas! I know of no agent who corresponds with the above description. There may be some, but I have yet to encounter them.

And why do I say this? Because it is well known amongst the rank and file that the attitude of agents to the "exclusive set" as contrasted with their manner towards the humbler members excites the latter to dissociate themselves from a circle in which they feel they are not wanted. There is more truth in this observation than many are aware of. Let me give an illustration of the manner in which this "snobbery" is expressed. A meeting is arranged to be addressed by some conspicuous member of the party. Invitations are sent to various local gentlemen, members of the party, to occupy the platform, while two or three are selected to propose and second a vote of thanks, &c. It is notorious that, compared with the Labour and Liberal Parties, the oratorical efficiency of the Conservative Party is deplorably poor, and yet though it is well known that the persons selected are deficient in speaking powers, nevertheless they are appointed to the exclusion of the more capable and, often enough, the more intelligent working man.

Much was expected from the creation of the Unionist Labour Association, but it is now generally admitted that it is the most lamentable failure of modern political movements. It constitutes a formidable argument with the Labour Party that, despite the vast sums of money that has been expended, the working classes have failed to respond to the policy of the Unionist Labour Party. Here again, may I point out that the very inception of the Association was damned by the pseudo-Labour patronage which was accorded to it? The working man is generally suspicious of any movement in which the term "Labour" is employed, when he learns that stockbrokers and other financial magnates are connected with it. Its history is a sad commentary upon the capacity of the Conservative Party to run a counter-organization to the Labour Party.

I have expressed myself very frankly because I have felt very deeply the necessity for candour, and, as you say, Sir, the position of the Conservative Party demands a frank

avowal of "where we are," and how we can remedy its present mortifying position. I think I have indicated the lines upon which its power can be strengthened, namely, by encouraging the working classes to take a *personal* interest in the work of the party, to make them feel that they are just as responsible for its success as a noble duke. Probably the psychology of the working man is more conservative than that of the middle classes. This fact ought to teach the Conservative Party that, seeing that Nature is on their side, all that is required is a little more common sense in the treatment of the working classes.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A Conservative Working Man.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AND FINANCIAL POLICY.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—It was very interesting to see the letter on the above subject from Mr. W. Allen Young in your issue of August 9th. I take it that Mr. Young is actually a member of the Conservative Party, and attached to his local or divisional association. Is it not possible for him to frame a resolution to be sent up for discussion at the Annual Conference in October, when I think Mr. Young would be surprised at the amount of attention the subject is receiving from northern members of the party? I am in daily touch with both official and non-official members in both Lancashire and Yorkshire, and have cause to be astonished at the change which has come over commercial opinion during the past twelve months. It was, of course, an accepted axiom that the interests of finance and trade (production) were identical, but recent experience, when one has suffered losses unprecedented in commercial history, and the other has made gains apparently too large to be presented in intelligible form, have reopened the question with many leading members of the party in industrial areas. Cannot those who are conscious of this great rift in responsible opinion within the party do something to have the subject explored by the accepted delegates and representatives in conference? I believe that a scheme is being prepared to have the question debated during a series of lectures in clubs and institutes during the coming winter, and nothing can now stop the problem from being of prime importance at the coming and all future elections.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Harry Gibson.

Shepley, Huddersfield.

THE REAL BAR TO INDIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—May I say a word about Lord Winterton's article in a recent issue on "The Real Bar to Indian Self-Government"? I doubt if the position he has taken up would prove to be an infallible defence against Nationalist aggression. For example, one does not hear much of the Hindu-Moslem feud in native States: it is largely worked up by incitement, and it is only, I believe, in British territory that it can be described as an ever-present source of trouble. Even in what is now British territory I doubt if it could be accurately described as having been of this character for many generations. It is, I believe, maintainable as a matter of history that before Aurangzebe's oppression and the Mahratta outbreak Hindus and Mohammedans had learnt to live together without a chronic desire to tread on each others' toes.

With regard to the Depressed Classes in Madras, it would not seem reasonable to deny an Indian Government to other parts of India because of a special anachronism in Madras. In my own province and Bengal the lower classes seemed capable of organizing their own caste movements, and I should say that the upper classes were apprehensive of them rather than otherwise, particularly since Gandhi's propaganda. At any rate, the lower classes have begun to show a capacity for looking after themselves which it will not be altogether easy to repress.

Should we not be asking Indians, on Lord Winterton's contention, to fulfil conditions that we could not have fulfilled ourselves had the right to govern ourselves been made dependent upon their fulfilment by some other power? Have we and other nations in Europe not had political disabilities, religious disabilities, class differentiations, considerable sections of the population in a state of social degradation, want of an active sense of brotherhood and perhaps other deficiencies to fight our way through? Have we not still got them to contend with? What Indians want is to be allowed to make their way through the impediments to their own progress, as we have done ourselves, not to carry the reproach, as it seems to them, of a dependent people owing everything to British initiative—a feeling which I believe to be strong amongst the younger generation, who will have to be reckoned with in the near future as well as the politicians of the day. But even the politicians have supplied men like Gokhale and Gandhi, who see beyond caste conventions. There is no reason why such men should not arise in the future with more practical conceptions at any rate than Gandhi's. What is happening now is that energies which might be devoted to a better purpose are concentrated upon defeating us.

I grant that representative government is, and is likely to be for some time, a delusion, and that the politicians, if put into power, would need some check upon them which their constituencies could not supply. It does not matter whether the authority set up for such a purpose be designated Regent or Governor or Chief, provided that he could not permit misgovernment to go on in his area without incurring a risk to himself. Lord Winterton would get his guarantees on paper to-morrow, but they would not be effective without an authority in reserve to enforce them. Is it not then better to aim at devising such an authority than to declare that Indians cannot have a government of their own until we are perceptibly nearer to the millennium?

Lord Winterton has set down nothing on the credit side against the blemishes he has specified, except the ability and charm of Indians in the circle he has met. He thinks it no wonder that their quick-witted intellect has proved too much for the lumbering British mind, including that of certain ex-Governors. It is true that the lumbering mind has been forfeiting control of the situation. But it would be hard on the ex-Governors to confine the monopoly of the faculty to them, just as it is hard on Indians to ignore the existence of any asset other than the circle with which Lord Winterton has dealt. Is it not possible to find material within the country for a sufficiently balanced constitution? Can we really not give Indians, admitting their imperfections and our own, a chance to make something of their country for themselves, and to take a pride in doing so, instead of dissipating their energies in endeavouring to make our Government impossible?—I am, Sir, &c.,

L. Morshead.

Arromanches-les-Bains, July 24th.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—In the little that is being written in the London Press about the situation in India there is so much camouflage and ignoring of the hard facts, on both sides, that I venture to hope you will find room for the following brief exposition of the real truth. The three essential mistakes made in dealing with the subject are:—(1) The treating of a democratic representative government in India as possible, when it is as a matter of fact inconceivable. (2) The dealing with the Indian politicians seriously as if they were representatives of an "Indian people," when they are in reality an insignificant fraction of a small fraction of an immense populace of various religions, races and castes intensely hostile to each other, none of which understand "self-determination" or have any use for it. (3) The failure to recognize that our experience during the last four years of the limited self-government granted as an experiment has ended in an absolute failure, which it is rank folly to hide and not to make an immediate end of. It has resulted in a complete exposure of the unfitness of the sentimental and unpractical politicians, swayed entirely by racial and communal prejudices, to exercise even the limited powers given to them, and the absurdity is clear of the demand for the grant of further unlimited powers, and complete independence, to people who have proved themselves incapable of exercising any power whatever.

The sole result of these mistakes has been a wrecking of the Councils which has brought all progressive government to a

standstill, and raised a dangerous unrest amongst the masses excited, *not by any sympathy with the politicians*, but by the apparent weakening of the power of the British Raj. I cannot ask you for the space necessary to explain fully these facts, but they are well known to all who know India, and confirmed by the daily happenings reported in the news from that unhappy country. But while the situation in India *is* serious and difficult, it is a gross exaggeration to talk of a "lost Dominion," or the necessity for "reconquering India," or of the impossibility of "subjugating India." India is no more and no less "conquered" or "subjugated" than it has been for fifty years, and we shall certainly not "lose" it unless the British Empire dissolves in catastrophic ruin.

There is, fortunately, a self-acting safety valve in the necessity of the British Government keeping the peace and preserving law and order—a duty to the Indians and to humanity which cannot be shirked. The remedy is really a very simple one—that Lord Reading should keep to his promise and solemn warning to the Assembly and Councils, that if their obstruction and opposition made government impossible, he would go on without them. They have deliberately done what he deprecated, and it only remains for the Viceroy to keep his word; to do anything else would be a breach of faith to his country and countrymen. The disgruntled politicians would probably raise some disturbances amongst a few ignorant coolies and budmashes, but they are men of no real influence, being looked upon by the fighting men with contempt and derision, and owing their existence entirely to the British Government which they abuse. It is a solution that must come sooner or later in any case, and the longer it is delayed the worse will be the explosion and the sterner the measures of repression that will be necessary. Nobody loves and appreciates the Indians more than I do, and it is in the interests of their peace and happiness that I write.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. R. B.

SEX EDUCATION.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—It is impossible not to admire the spirit and idealism of Miss Maude Royden's article on "Sex Education" that appeared in your issue of August 16th, but I cannot help thinking that Miss Royden is more concerned with what she thinks ought to be than with what *is* and, because of human nature, is likely to remain so.

Creative impulses, it is now thought by most psychologists, have their roots in sex, either directly or as sexual characters, whose origins can be traced, with a strong show of probability, to direct sexual influences. Now, the strength of sexual impulses, as is well known, varies as widely as, though not analogically with, bodily strength; and it could be shown, with a considerable amount of evidence, following on the establishment of a common origin for sexual and creative impulses, that sexual strength varies with the creative. When the creative power is absorbed by intellectual pursuits the sexual impulse is consequently weakened and vice versa, as may be testified by a comparison of the birth-rate of the professional and the poorer classes. Möebius has explained the greater creative gift of man by the fact that he is sexually stronger than woman.

So far Miss Royden's contentions are confirmed by scientific observation; but it very often happens, too often most people would say, that the sexual strength of an individual is so powerful that, even when much is absorbed by intellectual pursuits, there is an excess; and how often does it happen that it is not absorbed at all or very little by such pursuits? It may be remarked in many instances, often in the cases of great geniuses such as Byron and Rousseau, that sexual excess accompanies vigorous creative power, and it is indeed a high and really impracticable ideal that this excess shall be directed to further creation or strengthening of the mind. A human being demands relaxation, and often the higher he flies the lower he will sink to get it. This sexual excess Miss Royden would term incontinence, and she says that those who "'have not the gift of continency' are wholly unfit for marriage." What, then, would Miss Royden suggest as the alternative?

Sexual strength, which enlarges an individual's capacity for feeling and thinking, finds, I would suggest, its restraining and purifying influence in the ennobling and mentally consuming thoughts of love; for when that, as Dugas says, is real, modesty and restraint become an ideal of dignity conceived as the very condition of such love. If marriage follows, it is a fairly permanent remedy for sexual excess, and although the paragraph in the Marriage Service which Miss Royden quotes as detestable is too strongly expressed for the squeamishness of the present age, it nevertheless contains the essential truth.

The theory, in which Miss Royden seems most interested, that those who from circumstances are unable to get married should direct all their sexual impulses to increase their mental energy and strengthen their minds to a fuller appreciation of the beauties of life, embodies, again, her impracticable ideal. It often means in the process, partly, I know, because of our secrecy about such matters, a concentration on sexual repression which we have reason to fear disorders the mind. Where sexual love and marriage have no place in life, then the lessening of incontinence exists, as Drs. Westermarck and Havelock Ellis, and many others, think, in stripping Nature of the moral coverings we have given her and in talking frankly and honestly.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ARNOLD WHITTICK.

27 *Princess Road, South Norwood, S.E.* 25.

P.S.—The opinion of Möebius referred to occurs in his *Stachyologie*, 1904, and that of Dugas in his article, "La Pudeur," *Revue Philosophique*, November, 1903.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—May I presume to ask Miss Maude Royden, whose admirable article on "Sex Education" appears in your issue of August 16th, to amplify a little for the benefit of at least one reader that part of her article in which she says that "sex is one manifestation of the creative impulse within us, and that creative impulse is nothing less than the Spirit of God who is the supreme Creator"?

There are obviously other manifestations of the same creative impulse. Physiologically, digestion and gestation are closely analogous processes and are equally manifestations of the creative impulse. Or, to take a less complex instance, when I cut my hand, the exposed cells of the wound begin to proliferate, a suture forms, the wound heals over and I recognize a manifestation of the creative impulse. Continuing this last, I might suppose that the proliferation referred to does not cease with the healing of the wound and that something of the nature of a cancer develops. There I see a manifestation of the creative impulse which has got out of control. Has it then, as such, a mystical or a moral significance? The result in action of the creative impulse is what we call anabolic synthesis which takes many forms and has many manifestations. Must some of these be separated as having mystical significance while some have not; and, if so, which of them and why?—I am, Sir, &c.,

T. P. H.

REPARATIONS AND BRITISH PROSPERITY.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The suggestion in your issue of August 9th under the above title is most valuable, but the British manufacturer who wants to produce the goods himself will hardly be satisfied.

(1) Assuming the Government is able to increase the purchasing power of the British consumer by the whole of the reparations payment by Germany to us, and that the whole of that increase is spent on German imports, this importation of thirty millions or so of German goods will give an immense fillip to German imports generally and seriously increase the competition with the British manufacturer.

(2) Germany cannot pay France or other protected countries with goods because of their Tariffs. The goods which should be taken by these protected countries in payment of reparations can only, and must, come to England, the only Free Trade country. In other words, while Great Britain should only receive say thirty millions of goods, or whatever our proportion of the reparations payment is, it will actually receive over 100 millions or whatever the total payment by Germany is. While the value of this excess will ultimately be re-exported in other forms to the protected countries to which Germany owes it, the immediate effect is more competition for British manufacturers.

(3) Even if these protected countries would receive the

actual goods, Great Britain does not want credits in these countries, but they, with their low exchanges, do want credits in London, *i.e.*, it suits them admirably to have their reparations paid in London, but will be disastrous for us.—I am, Sir, &c., T. H. Minshall.

34 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.*

Mr. Peveril Turnbull writes :—"Why all this pother about what to do with German reparations if and when we get them? Is not our present high taxation the very mischief, and the low taxation of Germans a scandal? Then why not use the money to reduce our own taxation, and let the Germans be put to the necessity of raising theirs?"

TREATMENT OF PROTESTANT FARMERS.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—As a County Galway doctor and one who knows "J. C. T." I wish to point out what is known to Protestants and Catholics alike who are able and are free to form critical judgments and who are able to bring to a focus and envisage in the full perspectives the evidence as it relates: (1) To Protestants and their homes; (2) To Catholics and their homes. The cause of trouble is the absence of that control, ever issuant from religion and religious teachings, which has the power to influence and subdue the normal mind. Can religion or its ministers control the abnormal mind, the mind of the degenerate, or the weak, deficient mind, which under the stress and excitement of strife, turmoil, war, becomes irresponsible?

No. Seventy years' emigration of the best has produced a terrible racial degeneracy. Why can't "Fair Play" see all the picture? If every outrage committed on a Protestant farmer in the West of Ireland is proof of religious animosity, what is the outrage committed on a Catholic farmer a proof of?

"Fair Play" (?) who talks about religion and priestcraft of the majority as being the whole cause of Ireland's troubles is not the man to answer that question. The outrages on the Catholics don't count—to him, the man of "Fair Play" (?) apparently.

In that perspective as it deals with County Galway I see yet two sometime dear friends. F. M. S. T. was a Protestant farmer, and a great friend of W. I., a Catholic farmer. They were socially equals. Both were friends of mine. Both were murdered.

I can't memorize one without memorizing the other. I saw a Catholic farmer in the middle of the trouble fleeing from his burning house in Connemara. In the cart were a few household belongings and a statue—a sacred emblem to Catholics, all that was left. But the men who did this would, if they had done a similar turn to a Protestant, be guilty of "religious animosity"; religious animosity, that thing which talks about priestcraft, is the first step down to an animosity which is not religious, but anti-Christian, and anti-Christian symptoms of degeneracy are not animosity.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Co. Galway Doctor.

DECIMAL-METRIC CONGRESS: THE PENNY OF HIGHER VALUE.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—At the recent Congress in London our recommendation that the token value of the penny should be increased by twenty per cent. aroused considerable attention and after a keen discussion a resolution in favour was passed unanimously. The subsequent Press report of our proceedings has given rise to much friendly comment and the courtesy of your space is now requested for the purpose of giving examples showing what the effect would be of the Government's adoption of this proposal, firstly on the weekly wage of workers rated in pence per hour, and secondly on the price to be paid for goods and services now sold for a "penny" or thereabouts. The week's wage of a worker now paid at the rate of say 1s. 9d. per hour, on the present basis of twelve pence per shilling, is calculated as follows :—

47 hours at 1s. 9d. or 21 pence per hour = 82¼ shillings.

After the token value of the penny had been increased as proposed, the equivalent rate in high-value pence would be arrived at by deducting one-sixth from the number of the above low-value pence (the shilling remaining unaltered), so that the new rate could be expressed either as 1s. 7½d. or as 17½ high-value pence, as there would then be ten pence instead of twelve to the shilling. The calculation would then be as below, showing the same result :—

47 hours at 1s. 7½d. or 17½ pence per hour—82¼ shillings.

An alternative method of enabling this worker to ensure that his weekly wage would not be adversely affected by the adoption of our proposal would be for him to say "My wage is now 82¼ shillings for 47 hours' work; I must continue to receive at least that amount." Now, 82¼ shillings at ten pence per shilling would be equal to 822½ pence which, when divided by 47 hours, would give the above hourly rate of 17½ high-value pence or 1s. 7½d. per hour. In actual practice there would doubtless be a certain amount of "rounding up" in favour of the worker so that his wage position would be either unaltered or improved.

Let us next consider the effect on the selling prices of pennyworths. The suppliers of the countless pennyworths of goods and services are constantly striving under the pressure of competition to give what is called "the best value" in exchange for the consumer's penny. If, therefore, the value of the penny were increased by twenty per cent., its purchasing power would be raised by at least that amount and indeed, owing to the reduced proportion of its higher value required to cover overhead charges (a somewhat technical point, the importance of which, however, the suppliers fully appreciate) it would be possible to give much more than twenty per cent. extra value in exchange for the high-value penny as compared with the existing penny. The present inflation of the currency and the enhanced cost of living, with its resultant high wages and increased cost of production, coupled with the burden of national and local taxation, have all combined to render it impossible for the supplier to restore pre-War prices; but, in the absence of coins to represent values intermediate between one penny and threehalfpence, the consumer is required to pay *more* than is necessary to cover the extra cost while the producer is crippled by the reduced demand.

If the value of the penny is not raised the retail prices of pre-War halfpennyworths and pennyworths must remain at one penny and threehalfpence respectively, thus involving the perpetuation of 100 per cent. and 50 per cent. price advances as compared with the 20 per cent. over the pre-War level now recommended. On these grounds it is claimed that the adoption of our proposal would reduce the cost of living, especially to the poor who are necessarily obliged to buy their daily needs in pennyworths.—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. Merry, Acting Secretary.

The Decimal Association,
229-231 *Finsbury Pavement House, E.C.* 2.

THE PROPOSED ALTERNATIVE COMMUNION SERVICE.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—A Memorial, of which a proof copy is enclosed, has been signed by 303,421 adult communicants, of whom 2,627 are clergy. Its value can best be measured by comparing it with a Memorial against alternative Communion services presented to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in 1919. That Memorial was signed by 105,976 adult communicants, of whom 3,128 were clergy. I may summarize the matter as follows :—

1. The difference in clerical signatures is very remarkable. Only 1,320 names are common to both petitions. Allowing for 320 deaths, we find 1,000 clergy who signed the former petition abstaining on this occasion. In 1919 the petition was promoted by nine Diocesan Bishops, of whom five have died, two have retired, and only two, the Bishops of Llandaff and Sodor and Man, remain in their sees. Many clergy, who then signed out of loyalty to their Bishops, have probably abstained this time for the same reason. Others, no doubt, have changed their minds and now support the policy which they then deprecated.
2. As the laity usually follow the lead of the clergy, we should have expected a corresponding shortage in lay signatures, but these have been trebled. There is here plain evidence of a divergence between clerical and lay opinions. As the clergy have inclined to alternative services, the laity have hardened against them. The reason is not far to seek. The clergy will have liberty of choice, but the laity will not.
3. The evidence by pecuniary contributions is very striking. The costs of the 1919 Memorial were defrayed by less than

fifty wealthy contributors, in response to personal appeals. The costs of this Memorial have been met by 1,500 contributors, acting upon a hint in the instructions, but without any direct appeal. The last Postal Order 5s. came from five domestic servants in a large establishment.

4. Of the lay signatories it has not been possible to give more than a few selected names, but these include more than 170 peers and peeresses, more than 100 officers of the Navy, two field marshals, and more than 600 officers of the Army, over 200 J.P.'s and more than 17,000 churchwardens and sidesmen. It is impossible to set aside such a petition as this on the grounds that it is an appeal to ignorant Protestant sentiment.

5. The Memorial has brought to light a widespread feeling of indignation that the clergy use the resources of the Church to teach doctrine, and practise ritual, which the Formularies of our Church were intended to exclude, and that they are now agreeing to produce Formularies intended to inculcate doctrines that are contradictory to one another, thereby putting themselves in a position of security and reducing the witness of the Church as the national exponent of Divine Truth to the barest scepticism. The greatest use of the Memorial has been to acquaint the laity with what is happening in the Church Assembly and to set them thinking and enquiring.

—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. A. Knox, Bishop.

18 *Beckenham Grove,*
Shortlands, Kent.

[The Memorial petitions the House of Bishops to sanction no alternative Communion service.—Ed. *Spectator.*]

PRIMROSE LEAGUE MEETINGS.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Your reviewer of Col. Wedgwood's book, *Essays and Adventures of a Labour M.P.*, in his reference to the Primrose League scarcely does justice to the League. Suggesting that Col. Wedgwood's book is not one that will be carefully read, he says "For a book—even this book—is not like a Primrose League Meeting, where your eloquent and well-trained speaker is able to interpose an address on Empire between two dances." The methods of the Primrose League have changed since the War. Before the War a short address on politics interposed between two dances might be regarded by some people as sufficient. It is not so to-day. The Primrose League now meets the Socialists on their own ground in the Parks and other places. Addresses at entertainments are now confined to the work of the League in which the members are interested. The political questions of the day are dealt with at meetings called for that purpose. —I am, Sir, &c.,

Reginald Bennett, Secretary.

61 *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.* 1.

"GROW YOUR OWN FOOD."

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I see the *Spectator* late, so can only now express my regret to the present Rector of Waltham for my inadvertent misstatement. Since, it appears, the glebe is still let under the same conditions as those described by Mr. Horn's predecessor, Mr. Tuckwell (I imagine "tenant," in his letter, must be a misprint for "tenants"), it would be interesting to hear whether under present circumstances the results of the experiment are still satisfactory.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. A. E.

MRS. BOOLE.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I have undertaken to help in the collection of material for a biography of Mary Everest Boole, the writer upon psychology and education, which is in contemplation. I should, therefore, be very grateful for your help in appealing to any of your readers who may have letters from Mrs. Boole for the loan of them. Any material lent will be treated with the utmost care and copied and returned immediately. Reminiscences of, or letters from, Mrs. Boole's husband, George Boole, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Cork, and the Rev. Thomas Everest, Mrs. Boole's father, would be welcome also. I am prepared to journey to any part of Great Britain to interview old friends of the family. —I am, Sir, &c., Florence Daniel.

C/o The C. W. Daniel Company,
3 Tudor Street, London, E.C. 4.

A HOME FOR WOMEN WORKERS.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Miss Montrésor's reference to the Y.W.C.A. Forward Movement, in her letter in the *Spectator* of August 9th, is most kind. When the new Women's Centre of the Y.W.C.A. is in being, one of its functions will be to supply at the Inquiry Bureau information on all residential hostels and clubs for girls needing accommodation, and we hope the Club of which Miss Montrésor writes will be on the list and successfully established. Meantime, will you let us remind your readers that the Y.W.C.A. already has in London about 1,000 beds in 28 hostels? Most of these are for just the classes of women workers of whom Miss Montrésor speaks and, at about the same prices as those she names, are entirely self-supporting. One or two, such as our Hostel for young theatrical workers in Guilford Street and the International Hostel in Newton Road, Bayswater, have special needs. But we know from daily experience that there is always need for more accommodation of this sort, and we cordially wish success to the new proposal.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. M. Procter, President, London Division.

Y.W.C.A. Offices,
25 and 26 George Street, Hanover Square, W. 1.

ST. MONICA HOME OF REST, WESTBURY-ON-TRYM, BRISTOL.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—I am anxious to bring to the notice of any persons who may be described as gentlefolk in poor circumstances the benefits which are intended for them by my late husband, Mr. H. H. Wills, the founder of this Institution, and should be very grateful if you would enable me to do this through the medium of your columns. The object of the St. Monica Home of Rest is to receive as inmates gentlefolk who are members of the Church of England, suffering from certain chronic or incurable ailments, being in needy circumstances and having led honourable lives. The Council of the Home have also power to give financial assistance to a limited number of persons who cannot be accepted as inmates. Preference will be given, in both cases, to those having family or residential associations with the City of Bristol or the Counties of Somerset, Gloucester and Wilts.

Persons mentally afflicted, epileptics, sufferers from an infectious or contagious complaint or from cancer or other forms of malignant disease are not eligible for admission to the Home. Persons mentally afflicted, beneficiaries of other Charitable Institutions—so long as they are in receipt of such benefits—recipients of State Aid (other than earned pensions) or of assistance from the Rates, are ineligible for financial assistance. The Home will probably not be ready for the reception of inmates till the end of this year at the earliest, but, in the meantime, the Council are prepared to grant financial assistance to a limited number of qualified persons prior to the completion of the Home. All inquiries should be addressed to W. W. Ward, Esq., Merchants' Hall, Bristol, the Treasurer of the Institution.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Mary Monica C. Wills, President of the Home.

St. Vincent's, Clifton, Sark, Bristol.

POETRY.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY JOHN CLARE.

RELEASE.

The sheds are cleaned and littered down before
The drapsing cow comes from the weary moor;
Upon the hovel-beams the fowl perch high;
Around the cribs the straw-fed oxen lye.
The gears are hung behind the stable thack;
The teams at rest are pulling at the rack.
The hedger in the ditch has hid his tool
Under a stumpy thorn—and from the school
Boys homeward wend and leap and splash in play
Through all the little puddges on the way.

A BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

JOHN CLARE.

Madrigals and Chronicles: being newly-found poems written by John Clare. Edited by Edmund Blunden. (The Beaumont Press, 75 Charing Cross Road, London. 25s. net.)

It is the early Clare who wins our affection, Clare who was in love with the "shy-come nightingale," the yellowhammer, "fluttering in short fears," the white-nosed bee and its "never absent couzen, black as coal," the "little fish that nimble by," every spot in the cowslip, every streak in the bindweed. We are in the Age of Innocence when we read the detail of nature so transfigured by love, and by wonder, too:—

> "Aye, as I live! her secret nest is here,
> Upon this white-thorn stump. I've searched about
> For hours in vain. There! put that bramble by—
> Nay, trample on its branches and get near.
> How subtle is the bird!"

We can picture him well at this time: short and thin and pale, with a great head too large for his elfish body; country-dressed, in a green smock and hob-nailed boots; with rough hands and a shameless Northamptonshire accent, but bearing himself with such grace that strangers took him for "a nobleman in disguise," and Lamb used to refer to him as "Princely Clare." We have absurd anecdotes of him that increase our affection. We know, for example, how frightened he was when he first visited London, the wicked city. His fellow-labourers had warned him, in the tap-room of the 'Bell,' that everyone there was on the look-out to pick your purse or to murder you. And so, when his publishers sent their porter to meet him on his arrival, and when the porter asked him "Are you Mr. Clare?" he firmly and finally answered "No!" It is Clare "gentle and simple," as Hood called him, whom many love as the whole Clare.

There is another Clare, an old man. The tranquillity and the regular diet of the Northampton Public Asylum have benefited him physically; he looks quite prosperous and fat. The large head seems even larger; he is bald at the front and at the back his hair hangs down long and white; his brow seems incredibly high. His eyes are more piercing and wilder. No one has come to see him for years except a journalist or two. His wife and children are too miserably poor to afford a journey of thirty miles; and, besides, if they came, they might find him in one of his worst moods—he might be too deeply sunk in despair to recognize them, he might manage to forget, as everyone else seems to have forgotten, that he was John Clare, a once-famous poet. He has nothing to do but read the newspaper, play dominoes with the other inmates, or sit in the porch and smoke. He is allowed a good deal of freedom, for he is classified in the books as "harmless." There is not much wrong with him; he sometimes pretends that he is Lord Byron, or a prize fighter, or a cavalier; he talks to himself about a certain John Clare, who is happily settled in his old cottage; once he saw figures moving from the floor of a room to the ceiling; once he pointed to a molehill and said "Look at that mountain"; he has fits of bitter melancholy and incoherent speech: there is the sum total of his madness. He still writes poems on any scrap of paper he can obtain. Some of them are inconsequent jingles; some have flashes of genius; some are the most vivid, the most passionate, the most visionary, the most delicate of all his poems. He experiments in metres that no one has used before; he writes in free verse and he writes in complicated stanzas. His range of subject has widened; he has had time enough, the twenty years he has been in the madhouse, to dig into his own soul. He still writes of Nature, and of Nature in detail. He goes over the memories of his early years, the things that were so dear come back to him, but he sees them more at distance, more golden. The tragedy of his first love occupies him still and in a hundred different settings, under a hundred different names, he writes lyrics in praise of Mary Joyce. Now and then he imagines himself with his passions fulfilled:—

> "In every language upon earth,
> On every shore, o'er every sea,
> I gave my name immortal birth,
> And kept my spirit with the free."

More often he sees himself as he is, rejected and forgotten. In his moments of greatest sanity he petitions God for the gift of death. Here, then, is another Clare, who wins our pity and amazement.

Between these two there is a third Clare, the strangest and, to me, the greatest of all: unfortunately we know little of him. He is not yet mad, but those blows which are to drive him mad are battering in upon him. He is in ill-health and poverty: he has a small income, thirty-six pounds a year, but he has a wife and seven children to keep. No farmer will take him on as a labourer; he is too frail, and anyhow they look upon him with suspicion—he has left the station to which God called him and has been seen talking to the nobility and to gentlemen from London. Those gentlemen from London haven't done him much good; they lionized him and fêted him at first; a peasant poet was a most amusing figure; but now they never think of him. Certainly they never buy his poetry. He can't make a penny by writing. When nobody thinks anything of Clare, is it any wonder that Patty, his wife, a hard-working matron, gets rather short with him at times? Someone has done a kind action, to be sure; Lord Milton built him a cottage at his own expense in a village a few miles from Clare's home—from the cottage where he was born, where he had lived for forty years. But the last thing in the world that Clare desired was to leave the place where every inch of ground was passionately loved. If anyone felled a tree near his home he was plunged into sorrow. How could he bear to have every field and every stream, every bird's nest, every rabbit track taken from him? They told him how ungrateful he would be if he insisted on staying where he was; they half persuaded, half dragged him away. He reached this new home in tears, and he was to take no joy in living for the rest of his days.

His friends had forsaken him, his fame was gone. He believed that he despised "the glory and the nothing of a name"; but it is those who possess that nothing who despise it. He was sick and almost starving. He scarcely dared go beyond his door; for everything he saw in the fields and woods reminded him so bitterly of those dearer fields and dearer woods. He lived in his study and brooded over life. It was the treachery of men that distressed him most:—

> "I hate the very noise of troublous man,
> Who did and does me all the harm he can.
> Free from the world, I would a prisoner be,
> And my own shadow all my company;
> And lonely see the shooting stars appear,
> Worlds rushing into judgment all the year . . ."

Well, he was to be free from the world, and a prisoner, too, in a short space of time. "O take this world away from me," he cries again:—

> "Its very praises hurt me more
> Than even its coldness did before,
> Its hollow ways torment me now,
> And start a cold sweat on my brow."

He was not mad yet, but he turned Methodist—and that could be a gloomy religion in the first half of the nineteenth century. He wrote down on the edges of newspapers vivid and stern paraphrases of the Psalms and the Book of Job. He found comfort in one who was

> "An outcast thrown in sorrow's way,
> A fugitive that knew no sin,
> Yet in lone places forced to stray—
> They would not let the stranger in.
> Yet peace, though much himself he mourned,
> Was all to others he returned."

But his religion for the most part was more desperate and more lurid.

His nature poems were still his best poems. Something odd had happened to him, though: he did not now so often irradiate Nature with love. One of the strangest and most terrible moods that I have heard of captured him from time

to time. His observation was as close as ever: read, for example, his description of the marten :—

"The marten cat, long shagged, of courage good,
Of weazel shape, a dweller in the wood,
With badger hair, long shagged, and darting eyes,
And lower than the common cat in size,
Small head, and ever-running on the stoop,
Snuffing the ground, and hindparts shouldered up . . ."

But how does Clare, tender-hearted, whose fiercest complaint against men was roused by the smallest show of cruelty, write so many poems at this time in which cruelty of the most brutal kind is faithfully recorded, with utter impartiality, it would seem, without praise or blame? If we had not known Clare, if we had not known that cruelty set him shivering with anger and grief, we might almost, from the poems, have suspected him of enjoying the cruelty for its own sake. A badger is set loose in the street; men and boys set dogs at him, throw sticks and cudgels and stones at him, jump at him and kick him. He falls down as though dead :—

"Then starts and grins and drives the crowd again;
Till kicked and torn and beaten out he lies,
And leaves his hold and cackles, groans, and dies."

So the poem ends. We are given a picture of a ploughman beating an old dog fox, "till his ribs would crack," of boys running after a lame boy and jeering at him. This trait is most terrifying when we get it in half a line, apparently for no purpose, in the middle of a quite innocent poem :—

"The boy that stands and kills the black nosed bee."

The truth is that something had already snapped in Clare's mind. He was, in such moods, no longer a lover of Nature; he had become Nature itself. He felt as a wild animal felt, he suffered in sympathy, being hit and fighting back, without passing judgment. He had been obsessed and tormented with the thought of man's cruelty; he had seen so much of it, and at last his torture had become so wholly a part of him that it remained a horror pervading the depth of his mind but never working its way into speech. Cruelty, cruelty—he must set it down; but it comes out stark and monstrous. These are, I think, the most gruesome poems in the English language.

Another habit goes to prove that already his mind was weakening. In many of the sonnets—if we can call them sonnets—they were in a form invented by Clare himself—a few words echo themselves throughout the poem. It is as though Clare, in the first line, had set up a sound in his brain that could not exhaust itself until his poem was over. The poems in consequence, have often a *naïveté* of phrasing, a sort of lisp in sense, that is pleasing from its quaintness. In this selection of unpublished poems Mr. Blunden prints an extreme example of the tendency :—

"A HILL-SIDE HOUSE.

There is a house stands in a lonely way,
The hill seems falling on it all the day;
It seems half-hidden, like a robber's den,
And seems more safe for robbers than for men.
The trees, look!—bushes—scarcely half as big—
Seem taking root and growing on the rig.
The cows that travel up with little heed,
Seem looking down upon the roof to feed,
And if they take a step or stumble more,
They seem in danger then of tumbling o'er.
The cocks and hens that fill a little space
Are all that look like home about the place.
The woods seem ready on the house to drop,
And rabbits breed above the chimney top."

I must not leave to a reader the impression that this review is a description of *Madrigals and Chronicles*. Mr. Blunden's book has given me an excuse for writing on Clare, and I seized it with gratitude. It is a volume for the lover of Clare and the collector of fine printing, not an introduction to his work and not a representative selection for strict criticism. Anyone who has once felt the seraphic quality of Clare will find that every poem restores to him his old joy in Clare, his old love for him. He will find that it gives him new materials in every period, and especially in that dark and haunted middle period. He will be happy that Mr. Randolph Schwabe, in his excellent woodcuts, has taken pains to illustrate Clare fittingly. Those who do not know Clare would do better to begin elsewhere.

ALAN PORTER.

BOOKS.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

I WAS afraid that there would be no books worth reporting this week; but at the last moment some quite important books came in. Messrs. Constable send two of them, *Something Childish*, by Katherine Mansfield, a volume of short stories, and *A Private Anthology*, by N. G. Royde-Smith. Miss Royde-Smith's anthology has a great value—she sets down in it only those poems, new or old, which have taken her breath away at first reading, and which have remained in her heart; she has courageously paid no attention to the preferences or the criticisms of anyone else in the world. How courageous this procedure is anyone who so much as glances at the book will immediately observe. Messrs. Collins have published Mr. C. K. Munro's new play, *Storm*.

Mr. Harold Noice has written an account of the first two years he spent *With Stefansson in the Arctic* (Harrap). A quite bad but quite amusing book is Mr. Tamar Lane's *What's Wrong with the Movies?* (Waverly Co., Los Angeles). It is informative and valuable for the history of film production. The chapter on the American censorship of films is amazing. "One State ordered a scene eliminated" (Mr. Lane's English) "because it showed a man burning a letter from his wife. It was argued that he might tear the letter up, but burning it would bring marriage into contempt." In Kansas it is forbidden to show in a film any person in the act of smoking. One of the most laughable examples of stupidity is the comment of the Chief Magistrate of New York on a play called "Tiger, Tiger." The title, he says, in all seriousness, is offensive because it may deceive people into thinking that the play is "related to natural history." "It is also inappropriate because the tiger is a monogamous animal, avoiding promiscuity, and, generally speaking, chaste and reserved in its sexual and domestic relationships." Mr. Frank Vernon's book on *The Twentieth-Century Theatre* (Harrap) is rather too much of a catalogue of plays, but it will be useful to ardent theatre-goers.

THE LITERARY EDITOR.

ENGINEERING HUMAN HAPPINESS.

International Social Progress. By G. A. Johnston. (George Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
Social Insurance. By Alban Gordon. (George Allen and Unwin. 6s. net.)
Social Insurance Unified. By Joseph L. Cohen. (P. S. King and Sons. 5s. net.)
Population and the Social Problem. By J. Swinburne. (George Allen and Unwin. 15s. net.)
The Economic Illusion. By Arthur Bertram. (Leonard Parsons. 7s. 6d. net.)

PRACTICAL social thinking, the kind of thinking that is aimed directly at human betterment, as such thinking is carried on amongst us to-day, will probably stand comparison, and easy comparison, with the best efforts in the same kind, of any age whatever. This is sufficiently illustrated in some changes of emphasis, which would be more noted by us if they were not so familiar. In our endeavour and search after a new social righteousness, there was a time, not so long ago, when the great difficulty was to shake people out of their indifference, to get them made uneasy about the state of the world, and willing to do some good. At the present day it is different. To a large extent this is done; people are awake; the will is already there. The problem is only to know how. And small as is the headway we have made with this problem, little as we yet know how to compass actual, concrete human good, the best of the thinking that is being turned to-day in that direction, the best of the practical planning which has that for its end—from our liberty-education to our garden cities—will assuredly stand comparison with the best of any age that the world has seen. So much so, that the books which tell of it—the annals of contemporary social effort, as they pour upon us weekly from the press—ought to thrill us. And they would. Their account of what is being conceived and what is being accomplished, in the name of humanity and for the social progress of the world, would thrill us, if only we could get

immersed in the story, and by some means or other *contrive to forget the skeleton that is in the cupboard all the time.*

But there lies the rub. Namely, that behind so much of our social thinking, especially the very best of it, there stands this sinister figure, this contemporary social pessimism, shadow of ultimate defeat; this skeleton in the cupboard, which we instinctively feel that the best of our leaders of social thought are more than half aware of, and by some conspiracy of accident are agreeing not to look at.

Happily, there are those who both know that the skeleton is there and are honestly not afraid of it. And by all such, a book like Mr. George A. Johnston's lucid and polished account of what has been accomplished by a great organization within the League of Nations, the International Labour Office (which he has known from the inside since its commencement), will be read with avidity and gratitude. The story of how this organization, long before either the War or the Peace, struggled into existence, got its hands on to the levers of concrete international action against crying labour abuses, and was eventually taken up, moulded into shape and incorporated in the constitution of the League by the Treaty of Versailles, will be found by any who can give themselves up to it to be not a little inspiriting and heroic.

And just as this informed account of what has actually been done in international social progress makes good reading, scarcely less good are the two several accounts before us, by Messrs. Gordon and Cohen, of what might be done and very well may be done, in the sphere of domestic social progress, in the way of protecting our working populations against the increasing uncertainties of life—sickness, unemployment and all the rest—by dint of synthesis, by a comprehensive unification of the warring systems of insurance which are in operation amongst us, systems which, though themselves really trophies of social advance, do yet at present jostle each other and get to cross purposes with each other so badly, and introduce so much needless waste and confusion. At least for those who can give themselves up to it, we say again, surely no age can compare with ours in the kind of inspiration which records of the concrete application of thought to social service can provide.

But there are those who will not let us pursue this enterprise of social amelioration in peace; who have decided that the skeleton shall not stay in the cupboard; but shall be out, and shall be thrust straight under our noses, and kept there; it is good for us. To this order, apparently, belongs the writer of *Population and the Social Problem*. Many in the thick of the fight will want to come forward and wish him cordial greeting. But they will find it difficult. For he is a laughing gentleman. And in the Bergsonian way; the way of laughing at us, rather than with us. And he laughs at all of us, without exception. He laughs at religion and the priests; he laughs at the kings. He has his laugh at the politicians and the militarists. At the political economists especially he laughs, with *their* be-spectacled endeavour to sort out this jungle of a social problem; and also at "philosophy, whatever that may be." And so with Socialist and Syndicalist, Philanthropist, Labour Leader and all the rest. He laughs at them all because he knows something, which he thinks they mostly do not know; or rather, because he sees something which they almost universally do not seem to see. His book is about this thing. His book, in a way, of course, is about Population; but not quite exactly. It is rather about a thing which he calls population-pressure, and which he conceives after the manner of the pressure of steam in a boiler. In plain words, the urge that is upon our human race to multiply is altogether out of proportion to the room there is for multiplication; and yet, with this plain fact before us, we go attributing our misery to a hundred and one different secondary causes and keep continually tinkering at *them*. Such tinkerings are all our social schemes. The fact is, a pressure is behind us, urging us make more people than there is room for; and we cannot get that pressure off. Before there could be "no population-pressure" there would have to be room for "physiological fertility"; that is to say, a child a year for thirty years to every female of the species; and however fast our command over the means of subsistence may expand, it cannot keep pace with that! And so we arrive at the somewhat veneered, but fundamental, pessimism of the book—as our social sufferings are inevitable, let us learn to be charitable and not mete out blame, when the trouble is really due to a law of nature.

But with all this author's insight, it is extremely hard for at least one reader to be convinced that there is not something further which the author himself is not seeing. This pressure will never come off, he says. But what exactly is it that will not come off? Imagine that some miracle—he contemplates this case—made the earth expand and made the available subsistence increase in just the geometrical progression required for "physiological fertility." It is not suggested that the pressure would be off even then. It would be up against a limit in one direction. It could procreate no more children. But there would still be quite enough steam left in the boiler to seek out every weak spot and work all the old damage. What would the author have us to understand then? What, except this—that it is hopeless to try to be rid of the *élan vital?* But surely we knew that! And who wants to be rid of it? We agree, its pressure is what does all the damage—*and* its pressure is what does all the good. This pressure in the human soul! Is it not just this, well distributed and nobly carried, that makes all the beauty and the happiness and the good that is vouchsafed to man possible? In one word, it is fatally easy to assume, with the cruder type of Freudian, that our search for well-being is a simple endeavour to get rid of repressions. But in reality it is "repressions" that liberate. This author is a keen thinker. He takes the population-problem very deeply. We only wonder whether he sees altogether just how deeply. We would suggest on the one hand that, understood so profoundly as all this, his "population-pressure" is not a thing we want to be rid of; and, on the other hand, if we do take it as something we really want and need to wipe out, we can stop it by actively engineering happiness, as well as by passively awaiting the onset of misery.

And so, banishing at least this particular skeleton from out the cupboard, we may let ourselves return to the fray again; and to the question how happiness, as far as may be, is to be engineered. And much as we disagree with Mr. Bertram's views as to where exactly the "illusion" lies, which keeps us from it, we are entirely with him in thinking modern mankind are being cheated of a real measure of happiness; that we members of an industrialized society are unhappy—not altogether, of course, but largely—because we have not understood the conditions of our existence. There could accrue, and there ought to accrue, from our material progress and our dominion over Nature a result altogether more beautiful and desirable than that which, in fact, does accrue. Mr. Bertram offers us a diagnosis of the spot at which, in his view, these more desirable results have escaped. For they have indeed given us the slip. But so far as we have understood him, he places the weakness just where Carlyle placed it. Carlyle, as he rode past the workhouse, saw fields of waving corn on the right of him calling to be reaped; and on the left of him, around the workhouse door, willing men hanging heavy and hopeless hands. He saw the landless men facing the manless land; and asked in trumpet tones, Why should these things be? Well, it may seem a hard saying; but while a Carlyle writing in the 'forties may be suffered merely to cry out about it—in however inimitable tones—more is demanded to-day, even of the humblest writer. For the work of Carlyle and Dickens, as we hinted above, is done. People are shaken out of their torpor. *They want to know how.* Mr. Bertram senses this. For while he is gifted as a writer, his driving impulse seems less to write and rouse than to impart understanding. But does he do so? Does his diagnosis succeed? We are compelled to be brief and dogmatic, but we cannot feel that it does. What is wrong with the world, he seems to say, put very briefly, is that so few of us keep and so many get themselves kept; with which, if we have at all succeeded in being fair to him, we very much agree. But it is not easy—for us at any rate—to get from his book any crystallized idea of where the line between keeping and being kept is to be drawn. And yet, we hasten to say, this seems all that is lacking. This done, a beginning might be made to the task of encouraging the one function and gradually killing off the other; a road being thereby opened back to social health; which again would be at least the beginning of a beginning to the task of engineering human happiness up to something like the degree naturally to be expected from that impressive and increasing command over the resources of Nature which industrial civilization has brought us.

J. W. Scott.

CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL.

Crime and Insanity. By Dr. Sullivan. (Arnold. 12s. 6d.)
The Soul of a Criminal. By John C. Goodwin. (Hutchinson. 18s.)
Among the Broad-Arrow Men. By B.2.15. (Black. 5s.)

Lord Darling's Bill might in practice have worked out well or ill; it is hard for the layman to have an opinion of much value on a matter like this. For his Bill involved questions as to the probable behaviour of juries, and only those who have seen a great many juries and have learnt their ways can decide upon whether in the actual day-to-day work of the Courts this particular Bill would have helped on the work for which it was intended—that of keeping the insane from the gallows and out of prison. But whether it was good or bad, all who care for justice must feel grateful to Lord Darling for bringing such questions to public notice. In its definition of responsibility our law obviously needs some sort of further adjustment, just as the Courts need more power to deal specially with criminals of low mentality. The present writer well remembers seeing Lord Darling at assizes himself give three years for burglary to an elderly man whom a mental test would have probably graded as no more than six or seven years. Obviously Society had to be somehow protected from this man, but obviously this way of dealing with him was inappropriate—not, of course, that this inappropriateness had anything to do with Lord Darling, who until his retirement could not even attempt to alter the law which he had to administer.

Dr. Sullivan, the author of *Crime and Insanity*, is a man well qualified to write about his subject, for he is Medical Superintendent of Broadmoor Asylum. His book would delight the American school of philosophers called Behaviourists, philosophers who think we have been rather gratuitous in postulating any sort of will or intention in human actions. Apparently Dr. Sullivan can from his long experience more or less reconstruct the crime of most of his criminal lunatic patients by an examination of their disease. Sufferers from general paralysis, from senility, from epilepsy, from maniac depressive insanity, or the early stages of dementia precox, will all commit completely different species of crimes. As usual in these books, the cases are particularly interesting to the lay reader, Dr. Sullivan's method of narration being specially hair-raising in its matter-of-fact calmness. Take this sentence as an example: "One woman who had gone through an attack of melancholia ten years previously became somewhat restless and depressed and threw her three children into a canal." *Ruthless Rhymes* is entirely outclassed. The book, which had its origin in a series of lectures, should prove of great value to physicians and lawyers.

Mr. John Goodwin's book is rather a strange one. Though his method of beginning the discussion of how we should treat shop-lifters or forgers by a description of the unicellular organisms that existed in the coal age is sound, yet he is so fascinated by the giant tree fern, or by Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon man, that he does not leave himself enough space for the discussion of his real subject. Of course, so agreeably written and so wide a treatise would be excellent reading for any prison or other administrative official confined as he must necessarily be within the facts of everyday routine. But the reader finishes the book with the feeling that Mr. Goodwin has by no means said his say. However he represents the criminal as being the sick or "unadjusted" man that he truly is.

When he comes down to advocating actual methods, he is naturally in favour of psycho-analysis for prisoners, while what to the layman is cheering is that this definitely modern thinker sees a great deal of hope in the present trend of our prison administration.

The reader will wish that he had said more about the system of honour parties which are in vogue in Durham and Nottingham, of the efforts made at Maidstone to humanize convicts on common-sense lines, and of the attempts at Birmingham towards a scientific treatment of prisoners which have been made by Dr. Hamblin Smith. Mr. Goodwin very properly comments on the anomalies of our treatment of remand prisoners. By the theory of English law a man is held innocent until he is proved guilty, but in its practice a man whose friends are too poor to go bail for him is treated as though his guilt were practically assured.

It is interesting, after Mr. Goodwin's clear and intellectual analysis of the factors which go to the commission of crimes, and of the effect on those who have committed them, of the repressions of prison, to turn to "B.2.15's" account of life among the broad-arrow men. The reader gathers that the book does not tell of quite modern experience, or at any rate of the more modern jails, for things are, one gathers, a little better than when "B.2.15" did time. But one definite torture still remains. After the violent excitement, the dreadful hopes and fears of his trial, every prisoner must for a month spend almost twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four in silence and solitude, practically without books, and with work of so monotonous and elementary a sort as to be no occupation for the mind. Probably very few of us who read this book have been actually and literally alone, even under the most agreeable circumstances, for as long as one period of twenty-two hours, but it is worth a little effort of the imagination to try to realize what the strain of such isolation is upon a "nervy" prisoner. That it is what we should expect receives official confirmation from the elaborate precautions that are made in all jails, even those where only short sentences are served, against attempts at suicide.

SOME TOURISTS AND A PILGRIM.

Through Central France to the Pyrenees. By Maude Speed. With sketches by the Author. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)
Hilltowns of the Pyrenees. By Amy Oakley. Illustrated by Thornton Oakley. (Long. 21s.)
Men, Maidens and Mantillas. By Stella Burke May. Illustrated with photographs. (Long. 15s.)
Palm Groves and Humming Birds: an Artist's Fortnight in Brazil. By Keith Henderson. Illustrated by the Author. (Benn. 21s.)
A Pilgrim in Spain. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Illustrated with photographs. (Methuen. 12s. 6d.)

Mrs. Speed runs airily through Central France, seeing all the obvious places and not thinking it amiss to write up the obvious historical explanations for other tourists. What impressed her most, however, was that French servants did their job as if they had their heart in it. Where she got good entertainment cheap she notes the fact; when she had to pay for exceptional cookery she observes that an artist's work must be paid for. Wise lady: wise also because she went in spring. Her wash drawing of Carcassonne is slight, but it gives the effect of an old fortified town in the South. Mr. Oakley's etchings of the same place, and of all the places that Mrs. Oakley writes about, seem to have come out of a sunless inferno. Mrs. Oakley is an ejaculatory tourist, and often describes the feelings which inevitably rose up in historic places. Does anyone ever really feel those feelings? The great point about Mrs. May, who was an American tourist in Latin America, is her simplicity. She does not get below the surface anywhere, but she is amusing about the life on top. Her special interest was to find manifestations of feminist progress in Mexico, Peru and so forth, but she frankly leaves the impression that things go on much as before—with one exception. Juliet still receives from her balcony the addresses of Romeo in the street, and still drops to him the cord—not of a ladder, but of a pocket telephone. The duenna within can see that the accredited man is at the other end; conversation is less embarrassed, though the proprieties are strictly observed. Excellent idea.

Mr. Keith Henderson's brilliant drawings have more value than the airy impertinence of his prose: yet there are moments when that also has distinction: for instance, when he jots down his first vision of a flying fish. As for birds, he has the cult of them, and proves it by his writing as well as by his pictures.

Mr. Aubrey Bell is in another category altogether. A finished writer, he gives us intimate studies of Spain where he has lived and really travelled. He knows what travel means: and the art and the literature of Spain, old and modern, are familiar to him. Here is a characteristic touch about the tower of the Giralda in the Alcazar at Seville:—

"Pink in the sunset, of a pink to vie with the afterglow on the summits of the Sierra Nevada, in the cold light of day this beautiful tower is a creamy grey with slender white columns on its surface and ornamentation of dark-blue *azulejos*; the white and blue-

black doves that flutter and settle on it seem to have taken on a protective colouring."

That, now, is fancy used so as to make the unseen visible. There is plenty of humour, too, in Mr. Bell—best of all perhaps when he describes the priest in Asturias whom his flock accounted a *bendito*, or saintly simpleton, and who burnt the Bibles that were brought to him—as he told Mr. Bell.

"So it has been granted to me, too, to serve the faith."

"You have their book, and yet you are friendly to the foreigner," said Mr. Bell.

"I have kept heresy from my village, though I have lived to see a decay of faith. But as to the stranger, by friendliness and hospitality may we best persuade him."

There is a charming passage, too, about the *sereno* or night watchman, and the lamentable fact that anti-clerical Spain where it is in power puts him down because of his cry: "*Ave Maria purissima*, eleven o'clock, and a fine evening" (*y sereno*). But the old usage still can be met in many of the towns which Mr. Bell describes in a way to make us jealous of his privileges.

C. O. P. E. C.

The Proceedings of C.O.P.E.C. (Longmans. 3s. 6d.)

This useful work contains "the speeches of the Introducers of Reports and Recommendations, practically *in extenso;* with those at the Sunday Afternoon Meeting; a complete abstract of the discussions; the resolutions adopted; and other information concerning the Meetings of the Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship at Birmingham, April, 1924." This Conference was a memorable one; there is no department of affairs in which the question, Who will show us any good? is not being put. For things are never so well that they might not be better; and dissatisfaction with the present is a condition of improvement. It is often said that one of the chief causes of the disrepute into which the Churches have fallen is their indifference to popular grievances. "I will speak of thy testimonies even before kings": these words rise up, in particular, against the Church of England, in spite of its many excellences, said Dr. Arnold. But till lately—very lately—official religion had only one word for the people: it was that of the Baptist, "Be content with your wages." Whether this is a virtue depends on the wages. There have been times when discontent with them was a duty, and content a crime.

To-day there is little fear of the grievances of Labour, reasonable or the reverse, being overlooked. Bishops and other politicians are tumbling over one another in the effort to discover, to invent, and to exploit them. The danger rather is that in their attempts, praiseworthy or otherwise, to meet economically impossible demands, the industrial balance of the community, on the preservation of which all of us, rich and poor alike, depend, should be overset. Two and two are four. If we make them either more, or less, than four, bankruptcy is the result.

C.O.P.E.C. is the outcome of a tendency which is gaining strength in English religion: the Churches are in a bad way, and are desperately anxious to recover the ground which they have lost. In so far as this anxiety diverts people's minds from "doubtful disputations," it is to be welcomed. Its danger, however, is that so many of those who are influenced by it are without the technical knowledge of business affairs and the experience of industrial conditions necessary for those who would deal with them. C.O.P.E.C. did not escape this danger. There was a disposition to run away from burning questions; to frame ambiguous formulas; to fall back upon sentiment and rhetoric instead of facing concrete issues concretely. What else could one expect? The Conference was not composed of experts; and it failed, as Conferences are apt to fail, to realize that it is with experts that the last word with regard to the problems raised rests. It is sometimes said that the Church should lead, not follow, public opinion. Heaven help us if it did! As well set a man who had not a note of music in him to conduct an orchestra. In each case nothing but the direst confusion could be the result.

In these and similar questions the Victorian Age had a sanity which our own has lost. One wonders how many of the C.O.P.E.C. speakers had read the acute section on "Society" in Jowett's essay on "The Law as the Strength of Sin":—

"Susceptible minds, attaching themselves some to one point, some to another, may carry such reflections very far, until society itself appears evil, and they desire some primitive patriarchal mode of life. They are tired of conventionalities; they want, they say, to make the Gospel a reality; to place all men on a religious, social and political equality. In this they are 'kicking against the pricks'; what they want is a society which has not the very elements of a social state. They do not perceive that the cause of the evil is human nature itself, which will not cohere without mixed motives, and received forms and distinctions; and that Providence has been pleased to rest the world on a firmer basis than is supplied by the fleeting emotions of philanthropy. The ills of society are to be struggled against in such a manner as not to violate the conditions of society. To see the world—not as it ought to be, but as it is; to be on a level with the circumstances in which God has placed us; to renounce the remote and impossible for what is possible and in our reach; above all, to begin within—these are the limits which enthusiasts should set to their aspirations after social good."

Alfred Fawkes.

GERMANY.

The Present State of Germany. By J. H. Morgan. (University of London Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

Germany and Europe. By Count Harry Kessler. (Yale University Press. $2.00.)

These two books, more particularly that of Professor Morgan, are of special interest to the increasing number of students of German affairs and conditions. They deal with the same subject though from very different angles, but have this much in common: each has been written by an author of wide experience and with exceptional opportunities for observation. The first is by a distinguished English scholar, who, as Deputy Adjutant-General on the Inter-Allied Military Commission of Control in Germany, had, as part of his official duties, to visit and report upon the condition of every State in Germany. The second is by Count Kessler, who occupied a high position in the German Diplomatic Service, and was, just before the War, the Imperial Minister to Poland. As might be expected, Professor Morgan's book, which really embodies a lecture delivered in the University of London on November 20th, 1923, now amplified by means of an admirable introduction, is a precise and scientific analysis, the work of a trained observer, accustomed to handle social and economic phenomena from a detached and impartial standpoint. That is not the *motif* of Count Kessler's book. His is a print, with some additions, of a course of lectures delivered by him in July and August, 1923, at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and they bring him into relief as one who is obviously out to do some special pleading for Germany, at times not at all skilful or ingenious, with just sufficient interspersed admissions of *peccavi* to ensure a hearing. In general he pursues this theme in regard to the causes of the War and the present conditions in Germany—"Well, if Germany and the Germans were or are to blame, the Allies were or are almost as responsible, if indeed not more so." Count Kessler unconsciously illustrates the truth of one or two sagacious observations by Professor Morgan. "German standards of conduct are not ours. You may think them better, you may think them worse—the point is that they are different"; and again, "There is an element of chicane in the German mind which you have got to take into account."

Professor Morgan's diagnosis of Germany's condition is: tottering instability—constitutionally, economically, socially. To summarize his views, he regards the republican form of government as balanced on a knife-edge, administered by men who have no belief in, or affection for it, despised by the masses as a useless and inefficient product of the hated Treaty of Versailles, which confers none and denies all of the democratic saving grace they had hoped from Mr. Wilson's fourteen points, menaced by the rise of secret militant organizations—some adverse to, some subsidized by, the Government itself—and almost paralysed by the precarious position of the national finances. It strikes a cold chill into anyone who knows the conditions to-day in Europe to conjecture what the effect would be if republicanism in Germany is eventually strangled by the halter of adverse circumstances.

Responsibility for the unstable equilibrium of the governmental system Professor Morgan, by argument as conclusive as it is cogent, assigns mainly to the failure to settle the question of reparations and to the French occupation of

the Ruhr. I would venture to say unhesitatingly that public opinion in Germany lays most emphasis on the Ruhr. Writing with obvious sympathy for the French, Professor Morgan thus states "the riddle of the Ruhr": "Whoever holds the Ruhr holds the keys of the German arsenal. On the other hand, whoever holds it by force reawakens the whole spirit of militant patriotism in Germany." He does not, for obvious reasons, discuss the French policy of "Security" nor the subsidiary policy of encouraging the disintegration of Germany. That is done historically, of course, from the German point of view, by Count Kessler. It is a matter of regret that English people know so little of what the occupation of the Ruhr in practice involves and accept without inquiry so much of the news which emanates from the French Havas News Agency at Düsseldorf.

Professor Morgan discusses luminously the effect on the political and social life of Germany of the Government policy of inflation, a matter on which Count Kessler is strangely, perhaps discreetly, silent. He points out that in its inception it was not due, as Germans often contend, to the pressure of the Treaty of Versailles, but was a post-War legacy of the prodigal War-time system of finance. Although that was the *fons et origo*, the republican Government has, since it came into the saddle, exploited inflation in a suicidal manner. This little book of Professor Morgan's is to be warmly commended and deserves to be widely read.

LYNDEN MACASSEY.

EGYPT AND THE ARMY.

Egypt and the Army. By Lieut.-Col. P. G. ELGOOD, C.M.G. (Oxford University Press. 16s. net.)

COLONEL ELGOOD, whose large experience in the country has rendered him thoroughly competent for his task, has written in this book an informative chapter in the perplexing modern history of Egypt. At the outbreak of War the dominant classes in the country were hostile to England, but it is a mistake to imagine that the feeling at that date was any more bitter than it had been during most of Lord Cromer's administration. During the great struggle, maladministration, which seems to be inseparable from military control, increased not only the malevolence, but the influence of the malcontents. It ranged temporarily on the side of the agitators the great mass of a population who were deluded by their personal hardships into viewing England as their arch-oppressor instead of as their champion against oppression. Such, shortly stated, is the summary of the causes which rendered the loss of Egypt part of the price of a British victory over Germany.

Colonel Elgood's account glances to and fro between operations of war and politics in the country. He is necessarily somewhat "sketchy," as his two themes—operations in different theatres of war and political developments in Egypt—are not strictly twins. But he presents an illuminating and accurate picture. We see the unfortunate results of military control gradually unfolding themselves in the disregard of native feelings and the departure of men whose experience of the country might have prevented the inevitable hardships of war from being intensified by the adoption of just the most harsh and ill-considered methods of application. It is lamentable that not a single step seems to have been taken to convince the country that its fate was as closely bound as that of England to a successful issue from the War. The author explains the necessity for martial law from a military point of view, but even he does not seem fully to realize that in a country like Egypt, torn between rival jurisdictions and burdened with different communities enjoying something very like extra-territorial privileges, martial law presented the only possible means of providing for the common safety by regulations from which no exemption could be claimed. Indirectly he reveals how nothing but military proclamations could have secured the food-supply, prevented profiteering or even made foreigners pay their share of a tax imposed for their own protection. There was certainly no one to explain these things to the Egyptian. He was allowed to grumble in ignorance so long as his natural cowardice kept him from active rebellion and ignorantly to refuse the advantages of such reforms as, for example, those proposed by the Capitulations Commission at the end of the

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War, until the moment arrived when he was stirred by evil counsellors into a foolish rebellion, in which he behaved with very little malice and did little damage and for which he paid very dearly. Our necessary preoccupation with the War made us short-sighted as to any but immediately urgent considerations. It is regrettable that an equally short-sighted panic, long after the end of the War, brought about what the author rightly stigmatizes as "the careless and premature abandonment by Great Britain of her administrative control," at a time when the great body of Egyptians had learned to view England in a wiser light and the wounds of the War were almost healed.

THE RUSTIC NOTE.

Great Meddow. By Helen Hamilton. (Blackwell. 4s. 6d.)

This pleasant little book is somewhat in Mrs. Gaskell's vein of gentle irony. The author writes in the first person plural, and in an unliterary and abrupt style, to create the illusion that she herself is one of the village folk, to whom the amenities of civilized life are suspect and altogether alien, even though capable of disguising the grimness of daily existence.

We have to remark, however, that the illusion is not successfully created, for there is a certain sense of removal of the author from her subjects, and in this gap there floats a mist of intellectual atmosphere which softens down the hardness of outlines. We also feel that air of upper-middle-class condescension towards the true villager which taints all rural life. A man, and more particularly a woman, who can afford *nice* clothes and a daily hot bath, who is *nicely* educated in the control of all unpleasant spontaneity of natural emotions, cannot help feeling removed from the dwellers in those picturesque, rat-infested cottages. Of course, not in the sight of God. Oh no! But it is so difficult to reconcile our time-honoured religious tenets with the inequalities of human nature. "Love your neighbour as yourself." But our neighbour *is* so insanitary, and his inheritance of drudgery, semi-starvation, and squalor has so crushed out of him all mental pride, that it is more expedient to keep him at arms-length by means of the gentle artifice of patronage. We thereby salve at once our social conscience and our personal fastidiousness. It is not really possible, despite Church doctrines, to let our children play with his. The latter are so prone to epidemics, tuberculosis, rickets, to say nothing of moral precocity—all due to malnutrition and ignorance, poor little dears.

But, as though to atone for this aloofness from the villagers, we look tolerantly on their mental darkness, their love of the hideous and the tawdry, their primitive superstitions masquerading under the cloak of religion. Or can it be that in these matters we *are* their neighbours—even members with them of one family?

The author of this little book raises all these uncomfortable questions, for she leaves no corner of country life uninspected. Every village in the country will recognize itself in these pages. But, as we said before, she raises these questions tentatively, and with the skill of a parochial expert on a rural council board, who wishes to hurt no fellow-member's feelings.

RICHARD CHURCH.

SHORTER NOTICES.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE RACE PROBLEM. By J. H. Oldham, M.A. (Student Christian Movement. 7s. 6d.)

Kipling's phrase, "The White Man's Burden," has been parodied by the Chester-Belloc school—if one may use without disrespect Mr. Shaw's ingenious nickname for the distinguished writers indicated; the parody is excellent fooling, and seldom fails to raise a smile. But this burden is real, and one of which the bearer cannot rid himself. Many inconveniences might have been avoided, though more would probably have been incurred, had East and West been kept apart. But it is too late to go back upon this. It is impossible for the United States to deport their negro population, or for Great Britain to evacuate India, or for the Colonies to allow unlimited immigration from Japan. The question with which this work deals is whether the Christian Churches have any contribution to make to the solution of the problems involved in the contact of the various races; if so, what is the nature of this contribution, and how can it best be made. The conclusion arrived at is that the causes of race antagonism are moral rather than racial, and that the phenomena produced are mainly the result of fear:—

"Wherever tension becomes acute, there is a tendency to regard race antipathy as something inexplicable, against which it is vain to struggle. It is of no small consequence if it can be shown that this is not the case; that it has its root in moral causes, and that what is required is to deal with the social misunderstandings, suspicions and injustices out of which these arise."

It may be said that, if so, the question is one rather of reason than of religion. The answer is that of the philosopher, that "the real is the rational." Religion reinforces reason; the two are one. Mr. Oldham, whose book was undertaken at the request of the United Council for Missionary Education, describes the situation with candour. It is one in which the colours of good and evil are mixed. Behind the exploitation of the native races, which is unjust, lies the advance of civilization, which is inevitable; behind the demand for self-determination, which is legitimate, lies an impatience of tutelage, which is often premature. The writer's knowledge of India leads him to believe that, in spite of the existing unrest, the advantages of the British connexion are recognized; that Indians "value this connexion and would like to retain it, if they could do so on terms of self-respect." That the government of subject peoples should be exercised "in a spirit of trusteeship" may seem a truism. But it is one to which we are apt to do no more than lip homage. The Churches can do much to bring it home not only to their adherents, but to the national conscience. Happily the work is one which is independent of theological differences. No two names stand higher in the calendar of the heroes of missionary effort in this direction than that of Bishop Colenso and that of the present Bishop of Zanzibar.

SEABORNE TRADE. Vol. III. By C. E. Fayle. (Murray. 21s.)

This is the third volume of Mr. Fayle's part in *The History of the Great War* which appears by direction of the Committee of Imperial Defence. Those who read the first volumes followed the account of the agonies of the economic struggle until the end of 1916, and were left with the knowledge that worse was to follow. The needs of the armies, navies and civilians of the Allied countries had grown steadily, while the burden of supplying them fell on this country or on those neutrals whom we could induce to face the risks. In 1917 the unrestricted submarine campaign began, and in the first six months nearly four million tons of *our* shipping were sunk. The Navy developed the convoy system and the civil authorities cut down the carriage of everything except food and munitions, economized further the time and distance of voyages and took more drastic means to bring in neutral tonnage. America's entry into the War brought financial relief, but as soon as "trooping" began across the Atlantic the burden of further increased tonnage fell again on us. And yet by the date of the Armistice things were "easier." There is much interesting detail here, and we would only say that the importance of the Allied Maritime Transport Council might not be realized by the average reader. If there are to be future wars, it is vitally important that these questions of economics and transport should be studied.

THE VICTORIA HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF BERKSHIRE. Edited by William Page and the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, assisted by J. H. Cope. Vol. III. (St. Catherine Press. 63s. net.)

That magnificent enterprise, the Victoria County History, has advanced another step towards completion with the appearance of the third volume of the history of Berkshire. It is a purely topographical volume, dealing in some five hundred closely-printed pages with ten of the twenty hundreds of Berkshire and with the royal borough of Windsor. But for anyone who is interested in local antiquities, in family history and heraldry, in the vicissitudes of landed estates and in the architecture of many periods, the book, with its wealth of exact detail and its plans, photographs and prints, will have an irresistible fascination. Eastern Berks, between Windsor and Reading, contains an abundance of very ancient villages and manor houses. Windsor and Reading naturally fill many pages. Windsor Castle is described in detail, and the history of the borough is of interest down to the days when George the Third took part in the elections, and succeeded, with the help of the household and royal tradesmen, in ousting Admiral Keppel. The ruins of Reading Abbey are, one must confess, disappointing to visit, but the story of the relations between the monastery and the town is instructive and well told. The burgesses were always at feud with the monks, but they found, after the destruction of the monasteries, that the abbey's patronage was not easily to be replaced. Archbishop Laud, Reading's most famous son, was, by the way, born in 1573—not 1593, as this almost impeccable volume states; his father was one of the leading clothiers who restored the fortunes of the town. The one thing lacking in this scholarly volume is an index, and for that one must wait till the final volume for Berkshire appears.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE GRAMOPHONE RECORD. By Percy A. Scholes. (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Percy Scholes continues to throw the light of his understanding upon the dark places of our musical life. His popular *Books of the Great Musicians* and *The Listener's Guide to Music* were designed particularly for use with the gramophone, and Mr. Scholes has now hit on the excellent idea of writing a guide to the best gramophone records. Such a work is very badly needed. Record catalogues nowadays are of alarming bulk, and not a little of the music is severely "cut" without indication in order to fit the standardized disc. The new Columbia record of the *Adagio* from Beethoven's Quartet Op. 59 No. 1, for instance, contains only a third of that movement. Again, the same compositions are issued by several companies, and it was clearly somebody's duty to go through the available repertoire and select those records that give complete as well as the most worthy performances of great masterpieces. Mr. Scholes has chosen fifty records to cover the period from Byrd to Beethoven, and although we could naturally suggest additions, hardly one of the fifty could be bettered. The madrigalists, Purcell, Bach, Handel and the Viennese School are represented by work of the first rank, or at least by music of undisputed charm. Each of the fifty Mr. Scholes analyses at length, and his descriptions are really helpful because he avoids technicalities and explains lucidly (what is the whole secret of musical appreciation) the structure of the music. A second *Book of the Gramophone Record*, to appear shortly, will describe another fifty records drawn from Romantic and contemporary music. Whoever follows Mr. Scholes' guidance in this matter will acquire a library of music that will not stale with time, and will also spare himself those dusty chimney-stacks of unused records possessed by most indiscriminate buyers.

A BOOK OF VERSE FOR BOYS. Edited by C. Henry Warren. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

This collection is to be recommended for use in schools, as it is sensibly compiled to appeal to children of all ages of school life. It contains some fine modern poems. Mr. Davies' "The Child and the Mariner" is particularly good. There is also a pleasant lack of verse of "noble sentiments," which it is customary to force on the innocent. Some verses in the volume border on this treacly classification, but they can do no harm in such a sturdy garden of real emotion as is planted here—flowers from Shakespeare, Blake, Davies, Coleridge, Anonymous and the Bible.

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By MARIE CARMICHAEL STOPES, D.Sc., Ph.D.,

Fellow of University College, London.

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Introductory Notes by Sir James Barr, M.D., Dr. C. Rolleston, Dr. Jane Hawthorne, and "Obscurus."

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" II. Theoretical Desiderata—Satisfactory Contraceptives.
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FINANCE—PUBLIC & PRIVATE.

[By Our City Editor.]

A NEW ERA?

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—It must not be supposed that because there have been no sensational movements in securities during the past week, the Stock Exchange is unmindful of the importance and significance of the London Pact. It is simply a case of the event having been so generally anticipated during the past week or two as to have been discounted by previous purchases, and consequently the actual confirmation of expectations was followed by profit-taking. This, indeed, was even more marked in some of the foreign exchanges than in public securities, and while the franc and sterling have both been steadily advancing of late on American purchases in anticipation of the successful termination of the London Conference, profit-taking by American operators was responsible for a material setback in French and British currencies following the news of the arrangement of the London Pact. Finally, it must also be remembered that the event has occurred in the very height of the holiday season, and while probably not a few eminent bankers and financiers had remained in London to await Conference developments, there has now been a complete exodus of nearly all leaders in banking, Stock Exchange and financial affairs.

Moreover, there is also a ready recognition of the fact that although the Pact has been arranged, there are still many important matters to be fixed before it can be said that all is in train for the working out of the new order of things, based on the acceptance and carrying out of the Dawes plan. In the first place, there has to be ratification of the Pact in all the countries concerned, and both as regards France and Germany there will be anxiety until this ratification is announced. Again, it will be remembered that the flotation of a German loan for forty millions is an indispensable corollary of the working out of the Dawes scheme. There is little doubt that, with the aid of the central banks in the various countries of issue, the loan will be duly arranged, but it is felt that the settlement of the final details in a form calculated to be acceptable to the investor may yet prove a severe test of the Pact. In the City there is a strong feeling that the loan ought to yield at the very least 8 per cent. to the investor, although, of course, the security will be good, ranking as it does before any kind of reparation claims.

Assuming, however, that the Pact is duly ratified and the German Loan floated—matters which, after all, must be determined within the next few months—the City fully recognizes that recent developments are far and away the most important which have occurred since the end of the War itself, and, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, it is felt that a new political and economic era is about to commence. The first effect, as I have always indicated would probably be the case, has been to impart firmness to practically every section of the Stock Exchange, and although the movements during the week may have been small, they have been almost entirely in favour of holders.

It is, perhaps, too early to attempt to gauge the precise effects upon the international economic situation, and upon the economic situation in this country in particular, of the working out of the Dawes plan for the financial reconstruction of Germany, but it is felt that the effects cannot be other than far reaching, and there are two directions, at least, in which the results seem likely to be revealed at an early date. Given even a partial return of confidence following the ratification of the Pact by the various Governments, it would not be surprising to see the beginnings of a revival in international trade sufficient at the outset even to relieve unemployment here and to stimulate our exports, for probably no small portion of the proceeds of the German Loan itself may be applied to the financing of imports by Germany from various countries. These developments, however, seem likely to be immediately followed by a secondary influence resulting from increased demands for capital, and especially increased demands from Germany in connexion with the financing of reconstruction activities, for owing to the course of events since the Armistice, Germany is in desperate need of capital. Just what effect, therefore, those demands may have upon the London Money Market and upon the value of loanable capital it is difficult to say.

The other direction in which developments seem likely to be of an arresting and even challenging character is in the matter of German commercial competition. It must not be forgotten that a little later on an essential part of the Dawes programme will include large reparation payments by Germany, and these payments can *only be made in goods and services.* German productive activities will be quickened, and it remains to be seen how far our manufacturers here will be able to respond to the challenge or how far they will be held back by what may be termed Trade Union restrictions. In recent years much has been said and written concerning monetary and currency policy in its relation to our industrial activities, but while I would not minimize the importance of those matters, there has, I think, been a tendency for their discussion rather to divert attention from the cardinal principle of our having to discharge our own heavy post-War liabilities in the form of goods and services. Ever since the Armistice there has been a tendency on the part of Labour to restrain rather than quicken production, and it is to that tendency that a sharp challenge may be given ere long by the new order of things ushered in by the London Pact.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Arthur W. Kiddy.

The City, August 20th.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

Although British funds and gilt-edged securities have shared in the generally firm tendency of markets during recent weeks, there has been an unmistakable tendency to acquire all shares in any way likely to be affected by any revival in trade. Textiles descriptions, the iron group, shipping shares and some of the shares of banks have risen of late, while, in spite of nervousness with regard to labour, even home railway stocks have rallied a little. Some of the speculative markets, also, have brightened up considerably, a feature being the very general rise in nitrate shares, while rubber and tea and even mining shares have come in for attention.

* * * *

Not the least interesting feature, however, during the last few days, has been the rise in the shares of Insurance companies, and the point is worth noting because it usually happens that when there is any general movement in shares like those of Insurance companies or of banks, the advance is subsequently justified by the character of the reports issued. In the following table will be found the quotations of some of the shares of leading companies at the beginning of the year, a month ago, and present quotations :—

	Jan. 1st, 1924.	July 19th, 1924.	Aug. 19th, 1924.
Alliance	13¼	13¾	13⅝
Commercial Union ..	19	20	20⅞
Gresham 15s. ..	3¼	5¼	5¼
Guardian	7⅛	7½	7⅝
Legal and General ..	3¾	4⅞	4⅞
London and Lancashire	15¾	18½	20
London	9	11¼	11¾
North British Mere...	16	18¾	19¾
Northern	15	15⅝	16½
Phoenix	10⅞	11 5/16	11⅝
Prudential	15¾	19½	19½
,, B... ..	22s.	30s.	36s.
Royal Exchange ..	470	540	560
Royal	23 13/16	28¼	28¾
Scot. Union & National	9¾	10¼	10¾
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PLAYS.

Ambassadors.—*Storm* .. .. 2.30—8.30
[People who saw *At Mrs. Beam's* will find this familiar: Mr. Munro has repeated the dose. Miss Jean Cadell is again superb.]

Duke of Yorks.—*The Punch Bowl* .. .. 2.30—8.30
[An entertaining medley: the Punch and Judy show is decidedly pleasant.]

New.—*St. Joan* .. .. 2.15—8.0
[The present run of this fine play approaches its end.]

Prince of Wales.—*The Rat* .. .. .. 2.30—8.30
[The apache—behind the footlights—is an intriguing if unlikely creature, and Miss Isabel Jeans is, as always, vital and convincing.]

FILMS.

At the Court Cinema, Tottenham Court Road (August 25th to 27th, continuous).—*The Street.*
[An old clerk in search of a night's excitement: told as only German producers know how. Urgently recommended to all who "believe" in the cinema.]

At the Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus (August 25th to 30th, twice daily).—*Wanderer of the Wasteland.*
[Last week of a fairly good out-of-doors picture in colours.]

At the Scala, Tottenham Court Road (twice daily).—*Violettes Impériales.*
[Raquel Meller's acting in this story of the Second Empire is unique and excellent: the staging, the grouping of figures is good; but the construction is poor, and so one loses interest here and there.]

At the Stoll, Kingsway.—*The Innocent Sinner.*
[South Seas, innocent girls, crooks, an octopus, coloured pictures of sea-diving, and not a hint of talent anywhere. But pretty exciting.]

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS at Queen's Hall.

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August 26th.—Classical night.
[A thoroughly irreproachable programme; Beethoven's *Egmont Overture*, Bach's *Piano Concerto in E* (soloist Miss Martha Baird), Mozart's *Jupiter Symphony* and Haydn's *The Philosopher*.]

August 27th.—Miscellaneous.
[Also solidly conservative with Brahms' *Fourth Symphony*, the *Fidelio Overture* and a *Concerto in B minor for Four Solo Violins and Orchestra* by Vivaldi, an early and minor master of the concerto form from whom Bach borrowed largely. The one British work is interesting; an *Orchestral Rhapsody* by Mr. E. J. Moeran, whose considerable promise is marred only by his over-susceptibility to the influences of folk-music.]

August 28th.—Miscellaneous.
[The least meretricious of Saint-Saëns' piano concertos, the fourth in C minor, will be played by Mr. Leslie England, a newcomer whose clean-cut style has already made a favourable impression. Of interest too are Scriabin's *Poem of Ecstasy* and the clever *Fantasie Espagnole* of Lord Berners.]

August 29th.—Classical night.
[Another of Bach's concertos, his third in C minor for two pianos, a spacious and mature work; Brahms' *Academic Overture*; and above all the sublime *Ninth Symphony*, shorn, alas! of its choral section.]

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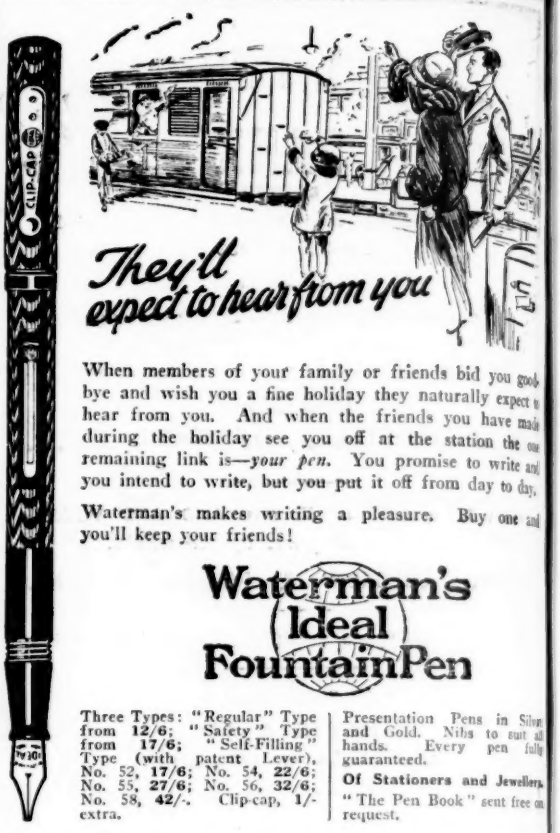

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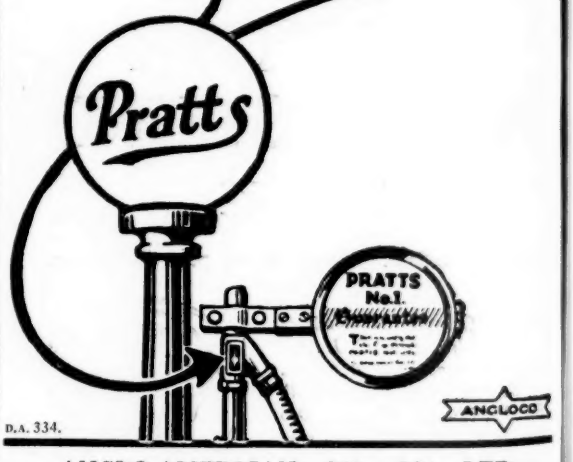

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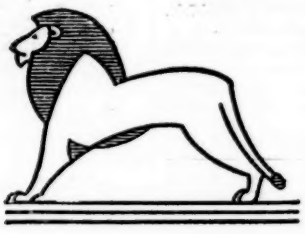

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